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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

PUBLIC QUESTIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN

THE dearth of positive programmes that seems to afflict the Baldwin Cabinet is criticized with increasing vigor in Great Britain; and the silence that followed the conference between the British Premier and Poincaré at Paris was generally interpreted as humiliating to England's pride and prestige.

This situation alarms the *Spectator*,



MR. BALDWIN, at the Imperial Conference: 'Yes, we have no policies.' — *The Nation* and the *Athenæum*.

which publishes what it asserts is a correct version of the Paris interview, prefacing it with the statement that 'unless the dangerous confusion in the public mind is set at rest the injury to the Government and to the highest interests of the nation may be fatal.' Mr. Baldwin, according to this account, did not withdraw or extenuate the British notes to France, but quite the reverse: —

Mr. Baldwin at the meeting of the Prime Ministers made it clear that he did not desire to reargue the merits of the Ruhr controversy, as on that matter his views and those of the British Government were unchanged. All he desired to do, while establishing personal relations of confidence with M. Poincaré, was to make him realize how overwhelmingly public opinion here was opposed to the policy of the French Government. Not to realize that might lead to most dangerous delusions about the attitude of the British people. Mr. Baldwin would have been wanting in public duty had he failed to bring this fact before the Chief of the French Government.

The growth of Protection sentiment and that of inflation sentiment are the two most significant aspects of political opinion at home. With reference to the first, the *Outlook* says: —

The recent demand for Protection has not, so far as we can discover, the slightest

connection with the Tariff Reform movement or Imperial Preference. Indeed, it springs to a great extent from men who were Free Traders and who are still at heart Free Traders. But in some trades the conditions in which a Free Trade system can operate successfully have vanished, and what is at stake is no longer an economic theory but the very continuity of industry. In the first place, Free Trade postulates a large export trade; but the export trade to many countries has disappeared. In the second place, Free Trade accepts as an axiom the equality and stability of foreign exchanges. It is no indictment of Cobden or Goschen that they did not foresee the day when the exchange market took up its abode in Bedlam; but none the less the fact that it has happened again renders Free Trade impossible.

In respect to foreign policies, the influence of the Corfu crisis on the League continues to absorb attention. Lord Grey has addressed a notable letter to the *Times*, in which he deplores the treaty-breaking spirit, which extends much farther than Italy in Europe's present moral chaos, but which was so conspicuously emphasized by that country's action. Lord Grey said:—

It is a grave matter that a treaty should be broken or arbitrarily set aside; it is still graver when the idea of the sanctity of treaties being the foundation of peace is considered so chimerical that no one who upholds it can be honest, and that resentment at the breach of a treaty must necessarily be pretense and hypocrisy. That all this is of bad augury for the future of Europe is certain. Is the blow dealt to the League fatal? That, happily, seems unlikely; the controversy has shown a very genuine and strong support of the League by the smaller nations, a support so widespread and unmistakable that even the Great Powers cannot altogether ignore it.

Lord Grey's letter contained a hint that the League might be called upon eventually to consider the occupation

of the Ruhr; but this hint was so shadowy as to elicit the following prompt protest from Professor J. M. Keynes in *The Nation and the Athenæum*:—

If, in fact, Lord Grey is in favor of the British Government bringing the question of the Ruhr before the League, we beg him to say so. If not, is he not subordinating the cause of international legality to his desire not to quarrel with France, just as he charges others with subordinating it to their desire not to quarrel with Italy? If Lord Grey does not wish the Imperial Conference to demand the reference to the League of the great outstanding question of the hour, what other practical recommendation relating to the League has he in his mind, which would be more than words?

Lord Cecil delivered an apologia for the League's action in connection with the Corfu incident before the Imperial Conference. While he considered that 'formally the League is unhurt,' he did not think one could go so far as to affirm that 'substantially.' To this he added:—

There has been the challenge by a Great Power of the competence of the League. It is quite true that that has been met immediately by a very remarkable rally of all the smaller Powers to the support of the League. It showed a very strong, vigorous, vital feeling on the part of all those Powers, not only in Europe but all over the world, that the League must be supported, that it was the only guaranty of justice between the States, and that the small States particularly were vitally interested in the maintenance of the authority of the League.

Lord Cecil also thought that, apart from the actual repudiation of the League by Italy, another unfavorable symptom was 'a certain want of confidence in the Council of the League' by its own members. The latter do not feel sure of themselves, do not 'quite know what it would be safe for them to do.' On the other hand, Lord Cecil

saw many encouraging things about the crisis. The machinery of the League worked well.

I myself believe that the publicity in which the later stages of the controversy took place was all to the good. I believe it enabled public opinion to support the League, to support what I think was justice. I think that the effect of public opinion was exactly what we, who believed in it, thought it would be; it was so overwhelming that no country could stand against it, and that when it became clear that the public opinion of the world was on one side, that country had to modify its policy in accordance with the opinion expressed.

IN A GERMAN COMMUNIST SANCTUM

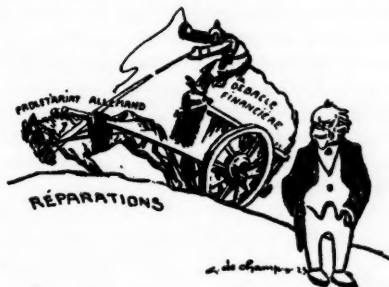
A CORRESPONDENT of *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning* who not long ago interviewed the foreign editor of *Die Rote Fahne* — during its suppression by the Government issued as *Klassenkampf* — found the offices of that daily one of the busiest places on Friedrichstrasse. While waiting for his turn to see this editor, he made the following observation: —

Above the settee in the corridor hangs one of those Ruhr posters to be seen everywhere in Berlin. It is an artistic drawing of a mutilated man, and underneath is printed in large letters, 'Have you given your dole to the Ruhr sufferers?' Below the picture are half a dozen quotations from newspaper articles upon the occupied regions, as, for example, 'The French have again killed ten Germans.' But on looking closely you can also read in type so fine that it is hard to make out: 'But what is that compared to the thousands of proletarians who have died of hunger?' Next to this one may read: 'The Mayor of X has been arrested by the French,' and below: 'How many proletarians has he himself arrested?'

Among the grievances of the working people brought out at this interview is the custom of paying employees in due bills, on the plea that since the rapid depreciation of the mark it is im-

possible to secure enough currency to fill the pay envelopes. These due bills are redeemable in goods immediately if the employee chances to be working for a commercial establishment, but are not payable in money until a specified later date. This compels the employee to take goods at more or less arbitrary prices, or else to carry the loss of the further depreciation of the mark at the time the bill is paid.

The gist of the Communist programme with regard to Reparations is contained in the following sentences: 'We Communists desire that the destroyed regions should be built up again; we want Reparations to be paid. But they should be paid by the capitalists and not by the workers who are already suffering from hunger. That is why we want a German Labor Government. . . . We are working to make Communist ideas prevail, not only in Germany, but also in France. Only then will Europe get peace.'



POINCARÉ, to struggling German Proletariat: 'Huh! Slacker!' — *L'Humanité*.

Some light may be thrown upon the political situation in Germany by the following extract from an editorial by George Bernhard, one of the leading Liberal journalists of Berlin, in *Vossische Zeitung* of October 7, dealing with the defeat of the first Stresemann Cabinet: —

The Stinnes clique has been fighting two Ministers of the former Cabinet — Raumer

and Hilferding. A person who is not initiated into these intrigues will find Raumer's overthrow incomprehensible. If any Minister could be a Minister of Industry it was Raumer. No one ever accused him of revolutionary ideas. But Raumer has one defect: he is the attorney of the reproductive industries. We do not need to mention the attitude of the reproductive industries toward coal prices. Raumer, in agreement with the Imperial Chancellor, made an honest effort to control the profiteering prices exacted from the German people by the coal syndicate. The first honest effort to regulate coal prices, therefore, has brought the fall of the presumptuous Minister who attempted this adventure.

Another ray of light is thrown upon the phantasmagoria of German politics by this pathetic paragraph from a leader in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of October 6:—

An old resident of the Rhine Provinces, who was driven out of his native land most groundlessly by the arbitrary French masters of that country, said to me a few days ago: 'All of the misfortunes that have befallen me as a Rhinelander have not crushed my spirits so utterly as the spectacle of what is going on inside of Germany to-day—these factional uprisings in Munich and Cabinet crises in Berlin. For four years all Germany seemed to concentrate itself upon the task of keeping us within the Commonwealth, and yet no one seems to realize to-day the effect that Germany's factional discords are likely to have upon our destinies in the west. Does Germany want to sacrifice the Rhine?'

According to *Kölnische Zeitung*, at the last elections in the Rhine Provinces, held in January 1921, when the voters were permitted to use the secret ballot, 13,058 votes were cast for Parties known to advocate secession or a separate Rhine republic, and 2,965,000 votes were cast for Parties known to be hostile to separatism.

For some time the London *Outlook*, which devotes fully as much attention to Germany as any British weekly, has

been predicting first a military Junker-Bavarian *coup d'état*, followed by a dictatorship from the Right, and then Communism. Robert Dell, writing from Berlin to the *New Statesman*, characterizes as the most significant feature of early October the strengthening of the movement for a united front among the Parties of the Left, where Socialists and Communists are rapidly coming together—probably with the Communists on top. The dismissal of the veteran Conservative-Socialist editor of *Vorwärts*, by the Party executive, at the instance of the more radical wing, is a significant straw on the current of Socialist opinion.

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DICTATOR AND LEAGUE IN ITALY

MUSSOLINI seems to have squelched dissensions in his own Party—whether with increased or diminished popularity among the rank and file it is impossible to say—and has found time to make several public pronouncements upon foreign policy and the League. He wrote the following for France's leading public-affairs journal, *L'Europe Nouvelle*:—



Tout l'Europe Nouvelle

La politica estera dell'Italia è ispirata
a principi di pace e di collaborazione
fra i popoli, ma è nelle stesse
condizioni minacciate da una forte
tendenza di agguerrimento nazionale e della
fiducia assoluta di poter compiere
valutate e rispettate le minacce
in atto e in sviluppo della Nazione italiana
Mussolini

(The foreign policy of Italy seeks and strives for peace and collaboration among nations. But it is at the same time animated with a strong sense of national dignity and a firm resolve to see the renaissance and development of the Italian nation comprehended, appreciated, and respected.)

Mussolini recently expressed his satisfaction with the conclusion of the Corfu incident to a representative of *L'Écho de Paris* as follows:—

I am happy at the outcome. The controversy is settled. I did not want it referred to the League of Nations. That body could not properly interfere, for it allows all the little States to intervene, debate, and regulate the interests of the Great Powers. There is, we must bear in mind, a hierarchy among nations. Our military operations at Corfu were executed with great rapidity. Some people in France seem to think that the speed with which they were carried out indicates that we had planned them in advance. Quite the contrary, the assassination of General Tellini and his officers took us utterly by surprise. When we received the news I summoned the heads of the army and navy staffs at the same time that I

sent our demands to Greece. As soon as that country refused our terms I set things going. Within forty-eight hours an Italian squadron landed a division of infantry and its artillery at Corfu.

It must be understood, however, that Mussolini's attitude toward the League is shared by all his fellow countrymen. Indeed, some of them are acutely conscious of their Government's moral isolation. While this sentiment is not confined to the Socialists, the following comment by Claudio Treves, the veteran Conservative editor of *Critica Sociale*, is fairly representative of this attitude where it exists:—

We have lost a solemn opportunity to give the world, without running the slightest danger of diminishing our prestige, a beneficent example of obedience to the principles of a law that forms the foundation of international peace. . . . We have resorted to sophistry to deny the competency of the League of Nations. . . . Why did we repudiate the League of Nations and even threaten to withdraw from that body if it claimed jurisdiction in our dispute with Greece? Did we fear its impartiality?

Just before the adjournment of the League Assembly, the Council by a unanimous vote, including that of Signor Salandra, the head of the Italian delegation, made a formal declaration that any dispute between members of the League likely to lead to rupture is within the scope of action of the League. This may seem like advertising the obvious. But it took considerable persuasion to get the Italians to assent to the declaration, and a decision was not reached until after two days of deadlock. The formal declaration, which was drafted and presented by Lord Robert Cecil, may mean that the League has actually gained by Italy's defiance of its authority. However, that is a question for the lawyers to argue.



MUSSOLINI

MINOR NOTES

THE *Australian Investment Digest* of Sydney publishes an interesting survey of company profits in the Commonwealth for the second quarter of 1923. The average profits of ninety-six companies, including banks, pastoral and agricultural enterprises, manufacturing corporations, wholesale and retail firms, and shipping companies, were at the rate of 13.19 per cent on their paid-up capital, and 8.10 per cent on capital and reserves. Banks, pastoral and agricultural enterprises, and miscellaneous companies showed the lowest profits upon capital and reserve, though in their case these reached nearly 8 per cent. The largest profits were made in retail trading, the next largest in wholesale business, with manufacturing and transportation companies in the third place. An analysis of these figures in the London *Economist* indicates that profits are normally higher in Australia, in spite of its Labor Government, than in Great Britain.

THE growth of traffic in London is emphasized by statistics published in connection with the plan to rebuild Piccadilly Circus Station of the Underground Railway. In 1907, the year the station was opened, it was used by 1,500,000. Last year the number of passengers was 18,000,000, an increase of twelvefold in a quarter of a century.

Now that the first impression of the great earthquake in Japan is over, the *China Weekly Review* calls attention to its effect upon the Continent of Asia. To illustrate by one example, the Japanese cotton-manufacturing industry faces the loss or crippling of 1,100,000 spindles, or one fourth of the total spinning capacity of the country, and it may take at least a dozen years to bring the industry back to its status before the earthquake. What effect is

this to have on cotton-spinning in China, where the Japanese were already actively building factories on account of the cheaper and more abundant labor there? The implication is that Japan's misfortune may prove China's industrial and commercial opportunity.

A RECENT army report in France gives the peace strength of her forces as 660,000 men, of whom over one third — or, to be exact, 230,000 — are native and colonial troops. All the 'native troops' are presumably colored, and part — perhaps a majority — of the colonial troops come under this classification.

THE League of Nations Commission for International Intellectual Coöperation is working on a plan to protect scientists in the rights to their discoveries in the same way that musicians and authors are protected by copyrights. Since modern industry is heavily indebted to the research work of scientists for its advance, and many of these benefactors receive no compensation for their great contributions to material progress, their case would seem to be a deserving one. However, skeptics question if the discoverers themselves will receive much benefit from laws or international agreements to attain this object. Scientists demonstrate the existence of certain hitherto unknown or unstudied natural phenomena in connection with a larger purpose that has no direct relation with monetary gain, and practical men come along and capitalize applications of their discoveries of which they perhaps were never aware. It is suggested that a percentage of the profits from such discoveries might be set aside by law in every country to subsidize scientific research and to pension needy men of science.

INDEPENDENCE

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

[We print below the notable address that Mr. Rudyard Kipling delivered upon his installation as Rector of the University of St. Andrews, in which position he succeeded Sir James Barrie, whose inaugural address last year was upon Courage.]

From the *Times*, October 11
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

THE sole revenge that maturity can take upon youth for the sin of being young is to preach at it. When I was young I sat and suffered under that dispensation. Now that I am older I purpose — if you, my constituents, will permit me — to hand on the sacred torch of boredom. In the first volume, then, of the Pickering edition of the works of the late Robert Burns, on page 171, you will find this stanza: —

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gold by every wile
That 's justified by honour —
Not for to hide it in a hedge
Nor for the train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

At first sight it may seem superfluous to speak of thrift and independence to men of your race, and in a university that produced Duncan of Ruthwell and Chalmers. I admit it. No man carries coals to Newcastle — to sell; but if he wishes to discuss coal in the abstract, as the Deacon of Dumfries discussed love, he will find Newcastle knows something about it. And so, too, with you here. May I take it that you, for the most part, come, as I did, from households conversant with a certain strictness — let us call it a decent and wary economy — in domestic matters which has taught us to look at both sides of the family shilling, that we be-

long to stock where present sacrifice for future ends — our own education may have been among them — was accepted, in principle and practice, as part of life. I ask this, because talking to people who for any cause have been denied these experiences is like trying to tell a neutral of our life between 1914 and 1918.

Independence means, 'Let every herring hang by its own head.' It signifies the blessed state of hanging on to as few persons and things as possible, and it leads up to the singular privilege of a man owning himself. The desire for independence has been, up to the present, an ineradicable human instinct, antedating even the social instinct. Let us trace it back to its beginnings, so that we may not be surprised at our own virtue to-day.

Science tells us that man did not begin life on the ground, but lived first among tree-tops — a platform which does not offer much room for large or democratic assemblies. Here he had to keep his individual balance on the branches, under penalty of death or disablement if he lost it, and here, when his few wants were satisfied, he had time to realize slowly that he was not altogether like the beasts, but a person apart, and, therefore, lonely. Not till he abandoned his family tree, and associated himself with his fellows on the flat, for predatory or homicidal

purposes, did he sacrifice his personal independence of action, or cut into his large leisure of brooding abstraction necessary for the discovery of his relations to his world. This is the period in our Revered Ancestor's progress through Time that strikes me as immensely the most interesting and important.

No one knows how long it took to divide the human line of ascent from that of the larger apes; but during that cleavage there may have been an epoch when Man lay under the affliction of something very like human thought before he could have reached the relief of speech. It is, indeed, conceivable that in that long inarticulate agony he may have traversed — dumb — the full round of personal experience and emotion. And when, at last, speech was born, what was the first practical use Man made of it? Remember, he was, by that time, past master in all arts of camouflage known to the beasts. He could hide near a water hole, and catch them as they came down to drink — which is the germ of war. He could attract them by imitating their cries of distress or love — which is the genesis of most of the arts; he could double back on his tracks and thus circumvent an acquaintance of his own kind who was stalking him — which is obviously the origin of most of our social amenities. In short, he could *act* any kind of lie then extant. I submit, therefore, that the first use Man made of his new power of expression was to *tell* a lie — a frigid and calculated lie.

Imagine the wonder and delight of the First Liar in the World when he found that the first lie overwhelmingly outdid every effort of his old mud-and-grass camouflages with no expenditure of energy! Conceive his pride, his awestricken admiration of himself, when he saw that, by mere word of

mouth, he could send his simpler companions shinning up trees in search of fruit that he knew was not there, and when they descended, empty and angry, he could persuade them that they, and not he, were in fault, and could dispatch them hopefully up another tree. Can you blame the Creature for thinking himself a god? The only thing that kept him within bounds must have been the discovery that this miracle-working was not confined to himself.

Unfortunately — most unfortunately — we have no record of the meeting of the World's First Liar with the World's Second Liar, but, from what we know of their descendants to-day, they were probably of opposite sexes, married at once, and begat a numerous progeny. For there is no doubt that Mankind suffered much and early from this same vice of lying. One sees that in the enormous value attached by the most primitive civilizations to the practice of telling the truth; and the extravagant praise awarded — mostly after death — to individuals notorious for the practice.

Now the amount of truth open to Mankind has always been limited. Substantially, it comes to no more than the axiom quoted by the Fool in *Twelfth Night*, on the authority of the witty Hermit of Prague: 'That that is, is.' Conversely, 'That that is not, is n't.' But it is just this truth that Man most bitterly resents being brought to his notice. He will do, suffer, and permit anything rather than acknowledge it. He desires that the waters which he has dug and canalized should run up hill by themselves when it suits him. He desires that the numerals which he has himself counted on his fingers and christened 'two and two' should make three and five according to his varying needs or moods. Why does he want this? Be-

cause subconsciously he still scales himself against his age-old companions, the beasts, who can only act lies. Man knows that, at any moment, he can tell a lie, which, for a while, will delay or divert the workings of cause and effect. Being an animal who is still learning to reason, he does not yet understand why, with a little more, or a little louder, lying, he should not be able permanently to break the chain of that law of cause and effect — the justice without the mercy — which he hates, and to have everything both ways in every relation of his life. In other words, we want to be independent of facts, for the younger we are the more intolerant we are of those who tell us that this is impossible.

When I wished to claim my independence and to express myself according to the latest lights of my age — for there were lights even then — it was disheartening to be told that I could not expect to be clothed, fed, taught, amused, and comforted — not to say preached at — by others, and at the same time to practise toward them a savage and thorny independence. I imagine that you, perhaps, may have assisted at domestic conferences on these lines; but I maintain that we are not the unthinking asses that our elders called us. Our self-expression may have been a trifle crude, but the instinct that prompted it was that primal instinct of independence which antedates the social one, and makes the young at times a little difficult. It comes down from the dumb and dreadful epoch when all that Man knew was that he was himself and not another, and therefore the loneliest of created beings; and *you* know that there is no loneliness to equal the loneliness of youth at war with its surroundings in a world that does not care. I can give you no great comfort in your war, but if you will allow me I will give you a

scientific parallel that may bear on the situation.

Not once upon a time, but at many different times in different places and ages, it came over some one Primitive Man that he desired above everything to escape for a while from the sight and sound and the smell of his Tribe. It may have been an excellent Tribe, or it may have been an abominable one, but whichever it was he had had enough of it for a time. Knowing no more than the psychology of his age, — whereas we, of course, know the psychology of all the ages, — he referred his impulse to the direct orders, guidance, or leading of his Totem, his Guardian Spirit, his Disembodied Ancestor, or other Private God, who had appeared to him in a dream and inspired his action. Herein our ancestor was as logical as a man taking his degree on the eve of a professional career — not to say as a practical Scot. He accepted spirits and manifestations of all kinds as part of his highly organized life, which had its roots in the immemorial past; but, outside that, the amount of truth open to him was limited. He only knew that if he did not provide himself with rations in advance for his proposed excursion away from the Tribe, he would surely starve.

Consequently he took some pains and practised a certain amount of self-denial, to get and prepare these rations. He may have wished to go forth on some utterly useless diversion, such as hacking down a tree or piling up stones, but whatever his object was he intended to undertake it without the advice, interference, or even the privity of his Tribe. He might appreciate the dear creatures much better on his return; he might hatch out wonderful schemes for their advantage during his absence. But that would be the side issue. The power that possessed him was a desire to own himself for a while,

even as his ancestors, whose spirits had, he believed, laid this upon him, had owned themselves, before the tribal idea had been evolved.

Morally his action was unassailable; his personal God had dictated it. Materially his justification for his departure from the normal was the greasy, inconspicuous packet of iron rations on his shoulder, the trouble he had taken to get them, and the extent to which he was prepared not to break into them except as a last resort. For without that material, backed by those purposes, his visions of his Totem, Spirit, or God would have melted back into the ruck of unstable, unfulfilled dreams, and his own weariness of his Tribe would have returned upon himself in barrenness of mind and bitterness of soul. Because, if a man has *not* his rations in advance, for any excursion of any kind that he proposes to himself, he must stay with his Tribe. He may swear at it aloud or under his breath. He may tell himself and his friends what splendid things he would do were he his own master, but as his Tribe goes so must he go — for his belly's sake. When and as it lies, so must he lie. Its people must be his people, and its God must be his God. Some men may accept this dispensation; some may question it. It is to the latter that I would speak.

Remember always that, except for the appliances we make, the rates at which we move ourselves and our possessions through space, and the words which we use, nothing in life changes. The utmost any generation can do is to rebaptize each spiritual or emotional rebirth in its own tongue. Then it goes to its grave hot and bothered, because no new birth has been vouchsafed for its salvation, or even its relief. And your generation succeeds to an unpromising and disheveled heritage. In addition to your own sins, which will be numerous, but

quite normal, you have to carry the extra handicap of the sins of your fathers. This it is possible that many of you have already made clear to your immediate circle. But the point you probably omitted — as our generations did, when we used to deliver our magnificent, unpublished orations *De Juventute* — is that no shortcomings on the part of others can save us from the consequences of our own shortcomings.

It is also true that you were brought into this world without being consulted. But even this disability, — from which, by the way, Adam suffered, — though it may justify our adopting a critical attitude toward First Causes, will not, in the long run, nourish our physical or mental needs. There seems to be an unscientific objection on the part of First Cause against being inquired of. For you who follow on the heels of the Great War are affected, as you are bound to be, by a demoralization not unlike that which overtakes a household where there has been long and severe illness, followed by a relaxation of domestic ritual, and accompanied by loud self-pity and large recrimination.

Nor is this all your load. The past few years have so immensely quickened and emphasized all means of communication, visible and invisible, in every direction, that our world — which is only another name for the Tribe — is not merely 'too much with us,' but moves, shouts, and moralizes about our path and our bed through every hour of our days and nights. Even a normal world might become confusing on these terms, and ours is far from being normal. One sixth of its area has passed bodily out of civilization; and much of the remainder appears to be divided, with no consciousness of sin, between an earnest intention to make Earth Hell as soon as possible, and an equally earnest intention, with no consciousness of presumption, to make

it Heaven on or before the same date. But you have ample opportunities of observing this for yourselves.

The broad and immediate result is that, partly through a recent necessity for thinking and acting in large masses, partly through the instinct of mankind to draw together and cry out when calamity hits them, and very largely through the quickening of communications, the power of the Tribe over the individual has become more extended, particular, pontifical, and, using the word in both senses, impertinent than it has been for many generations. Some men accept this omnipresence of crowds; some may resent it. It is to the latter that I am speaking.

The independence that was a 'glorious privilege' in Robert Burns's day is now more difficult to achieve than when one had merely to overcome a few material obstacles, and the rest followed almost automatically. Nowadays, to own one's self in any decent measure one has to run counter to a gospel, and to fight against its atmosphere; and an atmosphere, so long as it can be kept up, is rather cloying. Even so, there is no need for the individual who intends to own himself to be too pessimistic. Let us, as our forefathers used, count our blessings. You, my constituents, enjoy three special ones. First, thanks to the continuity of self-denial on the part of your own forbears, the bulk of you will enter professions and callings in which you will be free men — free to be paid what your work is worth in the open market, irrespective of your alleged merits or your needs. Free, moreover, to work without physical molestation of yourself or your family as long and as closely as you please; free to exploit your own powers and your own health to the uttermost for your own ends.

Your second blessing is that you carry in your land's history and in your

hearts the strongest instinct of inherited continuity, which expresses itself in your passionate interest in your own folk, your own race, and all its values. History shows that, from remote ages, the Scots would descend from their heather and associate together on the flat for predatory purposes, which now take the form of raiding the world in all departments of life — and governments. But at intervals your race, more than others, feels the necessity for owning itself. Therefore it returns in groups to its heather, where, under camouflage of 'games' and 'gatherings,' it fortifies itself with the rites, incantations, passwords, raiment, dances, food, and drink of its ancestors, and reinitiates itself into its primal individualism. These ceremonies, as the Southern races know to their cost, give its members fresh strength for renewed forays.

And that same strength is your third and chief blessing. I have already touched on the privilege of being broken by birth, custom, precept, and example to doing without things. There is where the sons of the small houses, who have borne the yoke in their youth, hold a cumulative advantage over those who have been accustomed to life with broad margins. Such men can, and do, accommodate themselves to straitened circumstances at a pinch, and for an object; but they are as aware of their efforts afterward as an untrained man is aware of his muscles on the second morning of a walking-tour; and when they have won through what they consider hardship they are apt to waste good time and place by subconsciously approving, or even remembering, their own efforts. On the other hand, the man who has been used to shaving, let us say, in cold water at seven o'clock the year round, takes what one may call the minor damnabilities of life in his stride, with-

out either making a song about them or writing home about them. And that is the chief reason why the untrained man always has to pay more for the privilege of owning himself than the man trained to the little things. It is the little things, in microbe or morale, that make us, as it is the little things that break us.

Also, men in any walk of life who have been taught not to waste or muddle material under their hand are less given to muddle or mishandle moral, intellectual, and emotional issues than men whose wastage has never been checked or who look to have their wastage made good by others. The proof is plain. Among the generations that have preceded you at this university were men of your own blood — many and many — who did their work on the traditional sack of peasemeal or oatmeal behind the door, weighed out and measured with their own hands against the cravings of their natural appetites. These were men who intended to own themselves, in obedience to some dream, teaching, or word which had come to them. They knew that it would be a hard and long task, so they set about it with their own iron rations on their own backs, and they walked along the sands to pick up driftwood to keep the fire going in their lodgings.

Now what, in this world or the next, can the world, or any tribe in it, do with or to people of this temper? Bribe them by good dinners to take larger views on life? They would probably see their hosts under the table first and argue their heads off afterward. Offer 'em money to shed a conviction or two? A man does n't lightly sell what he has paid for with his hide. Stampede them or coax them or threaten them into countenancing the issue of false weights and measures? It is a little hard to liberalize persons who

have done their own weighing and measuring with broken teacups by the light of tallow candles. No! Those thrifty souls must have been a narrow and an anfractuous breed to handle; but, by their God, in Whose Word they walked, they owned themselves. And their ownership was based upon the truth that if you have not your own rations you must feed out of your Tribe's hands, with all that that implies.

Should any of you care to own yourselves on these lines, your insurances ought to be effected in those first ten years of a young man's life, when he is neither seen nor heard. This is the period — one mostly spends it in lodgings alone — that corresponds to the time when man in the making began to realize that he was himself and not another. The post-war world which discusses so fluently and frankly the universality and cogency of Sex, as the dominant factor of life, has adopted a reserved and modest attitude in its handling of the imperious and inevitable details of mere living and working. I will respect that attitude.

The initial payments on the policy of one's independence, then, must be financed — by no means for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith toward one's self — primarily out of the drinks that one does not too continuously take; the maidens in whom one does not too extravagantly rejoice; the entertainments that one does not too systematically attend or conduct; the transportation one does not too magnificently employ; the bets one does not too generally place; and the objects of beauty and desire that one does not too generously buy. Secondly, those revenues can be added to by extra work undertaken at hours before or after one's regular work, when one would infinitely rather rest or play. That involves the question of how far

you can drive yourself without breaking down, and if you do break down how soon you can recover and carry on again. This is for you to judge, and to act accordingly.

No one regrets — no one has regretted — more than I that these should be the terms of the policy. It would better suit the spirit of the age if personal independence could be guaranteed for all by some form of coördinated action combined with public assistance and so forth. Unfortunately there are still a few things in this world that a man must manage for himself; his own independence is one of them, and the obscure, repeated shifts and contrivances and abstentions necessary to the manufacture of it are too personal and intimate to expose to the inspection of any Department, however sympathetic.

If you have a temperament that can accommodate itself to cramping your style while you are thus saving you are lucky. But anyway you will be more or less uncomfortable until it presently dawns on you that you have put enough by to give you food and housing for, say, one week ahead. It is both sedative and antispasmodic — it makes for calm in the individual and forbearance toward the Tribe — to know that you hold even seven days' potential independence in reserve — and owed to no man. One is led on to stretch that painfully extorted time to one month if possible; and as one sees that this is possible, the possibilities grow. Bit by bit, one builds up and digs one's self into a base whence one can move in any direction, and which one can fall back upon in any need. The need may be merely to sit still and consider, as did our first ancestors, what manner of animal we are, or it may be to cut loose at a minute's notice from a situation which has become intolerable or unworthy; but, whatever it may be,

it is one's own need, and the opportunity of meeting it has been made by one's own self.

After all, yourself is the only person you can by no possibility get away from in this life, and, maybe, in another. It is worth a little pains and money to do good to him. For it is he, and not our derivatively educated minds or our induced emotions, who preserves in us the undefeated senior instinct of independence. You can test this by promising yourself not to do a thing, and noticing the scandalous amount of special pleading that you have to go through with yourself if you break your promise. A man does not always remember, or follow up, the great things that he has promised himself or his friends to do; but he rarely forgets or forgives when he has promised himself not to do even a little thing. This is because man has lived with himself as an individual vastly longer than he has lived with himself under tribal conditions. Consequently facts about his noble solitary self and his earliest achievements had time to get well fixed in his memory.

He knew he was not altogether one with the beasts. His amazing experiences with his first lie had shown him that he was something of a magician, if not a miracle-worker; and his first impulse toward self-denial for ends not immediately in sight must have been a revelation of himself to himself as stupendous as a belief in a future life, which it was possibly intended to herald. It is only natural, then, that individuals who first practised this apparently insane and purposeless exercise came later to bulk in the legends of their tribe as demigods, who went forth and bearded the gods themselves for gifts — for fire, wisdom, or knowledge of the arts.

But one thing that stands outside exaggeration or belittlement, through

all changes in shapes of things and the sounds of words, is the bidding, the guidance that drives a man to own himself and upholds him through his steps on that road. The bidding comes, direct as a beam of light, from that past when man had grown into his present shape, which past, could we question it, would probably refer us to a past immeasurably remoter still, whose creature, not yet man, felt within him that it was not well for him to jackal round another brute's kill, even if he went hungry for a while. It is not such a far cry from that creature, howling over his empty stomach in the dark, to the Heir of all the Ages counting over his coppers in front of a cookshop to see if they will run to a full meal — as some few here have had to do; and the principle is the same: 'At any price that I can pay, let me own myself.'

And the price is worth paying if you

keep what you have bought. For the eternal question still is whether the profit of any concession that a man makes to his Tribe, against the light that is in him, outweighs or justifies his disregard of that light. A man may apply his independence to what is called worldly advantage, and discover too late that he laboriously has made himself dependent on a mass of external conditions for the maintenance of which he sacrificed himself. So he may be festooned with the whole haberdashery of success, and go to his grave a castaway. Some men hold that the risk is worth taking. Others do not. It is to these that I have spoken.

'And make the council of thy heart to stand; for there is none more faithful unto thee than it. For a man's soul is sometimes wont to bring him tidings — more than seven watchmen that sit on high on a watchtower.'

THE MYSTERY OF BOLSHEVISM

BY GEORGE POPOFF

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, September 9-16
(LIBERAL DAILY)

How does it happen that the great body of Russian people has tolerated for six years a government whose 'reforms' have literally ruined the country and brought acute distress upon its population? Do the hundred and twenty million peasants who form the Russian nation feel that their condition is perhaps better — even though only insignificantly better — than under the Tsars? Is there not a mystery involved here? Are there not factors at work that, if known, would explain to

the world why these hundred and twenty million people, in spite of their moral and physical sufferings, are none the less loyal to the Kremlin, to the 'hated' Government of the Bolsheviki?

These questions involuntarily suggest themselves to any person who studies Russia to-day, and who knew anything of the old régime.

They cannot be answered unless one gains a true insight into the Russian people and their most intimate thought-processes. The man who writes these

lines not only spent his whole life in old Russia, but has had abundant opportunity to study the country under the Soviets. For this reason he ventures to answer these questions, and to puncture certain illusions that serve only to misguide.

To those who imagine that the Russian peasants rebel against their misery and will sometime 'send the Bolsheviks to the Devil,' we cannot say that the Russian people are after all well off. We can only say, 'You do not know the Russian peasants.' You cannot apply European standards to the latter. What we call good does not please the Russian, and what we call bad he may find quite passable. Any other nation would long since have sent such a government 'to the Devil.' The Russian has refrained from doing so, not out of indulgence, but because he has real reasons for not wishing to change — reasons well worth investigating more closely.

Many authorities have already proved beyond cavil the economic fiasco of Bolshevism, but nevertheless the machine still runs. One hundred and twenty million Russian peasants still tolerate the economic despotism of a clique of one hundred thousand 'responsible' Communists. Does not this itself imply that the reciprocal relations between the peasantry and the Soviet Government are of greater and more practical significance than anything else? For in Russia literally everything depends upon the peasants. No government can exist with the active opposition of the peasantry. The Bolsheviks have avoided this opposition partly without any effort of their own, thanks to historical and psychological changes in the people, and partly by consciously directed reforms expressly designed to meet the economic, social, and political desires of the country classes.

The historical changes that have modified the opinions of the masses throughout the world began in Russia with whirlwind speed at the very outset of the war. When the Bolsheviks seized the helm of state in 1917, they found a Russia that no longer resembled in the slightest the old Empire of the Tsars. They speedily learned that the legend of the 'honest old muzhik' was a silly fairy tale. The Russian peasant was not 'patriarchal,' or 'religious,' or 'conservative,' as his old rulers had imagined. As early as 1906, when the Tsar's Government carefully arranged to have the first Duma composed of peasants because it fancied they were strong supporters of the throne, that body showed a heavy Socialist majority—to the no slight concern of the Court. The ideas traditionally ascribed to the peasant are quite foreign to his mind. In fact, all he cares for is his stomach, his repose, and his bit of freehold. Consequently, when he suddenly became aware that the yoke of centuries was less securely riveted on his neck than formerly, his eagerness to lay hands upon the material things he thought his due changed him instantly into a ravening, savage beast. He robbed, ravaged, murdered. That was your honest Russian peasant! The whirlwind of history quickly whipped off the patriarchal mask from his Tatar mug.

In spite of this 'historical transformation,' through which the Russian people have passed before the eyes of the whole world, many still conceive Russia as a beautiful, blond Boyar maiden, in a red *sarafan*, with a gold-embroidered *kokoshnik* on her head. Russia is personified to-day in pictures as a fair woman in a rose garden, with a golden church cupola surmounted by an Orthodox cross in the background, and with the legend underneath: 'Russia, ever calm, brave, and powerful.' Naturally that is an ironical

illusion. It does not represent the Russian people as they actually are, or as they ever have been. They have never been calm and loyal. They have always been savage and primitive.

Consequently, when the Bolsheviks came into power it was no longer necessary to teach the common people how to assert themselves. They had broken their traditional patriarchal shackles of their own accord. But the process proceeded further. The multitudes which were already uncivilized were systematically 'proletarianized.' They adopted this new idea with enthusiasm, for instinctively they were powerfully attracted by the Bolshevik-Asiatic wallow, in which they thrived and felt perfectly at home. This explains, for example, why gray-haired old men who had seen the emancipation of the serfs, and had served their masters faithfully for half a century, suddenly cast aside their loyalty and joined the demobilized soldiers from the front in robbing and burning the mansions of their 'benefactors.'

A new generation of young peasants has grown up under these conditions. They have never known better times. It is astonishing that many foreigners who try to make a serious study of Russia overlook the simple fact that since the war began more than nine years ago, and since the Bolsheviks gained power nearly six years ago, a generation of young men has grown up with an entirely different attitude toward the Bolsheviks than their fathers had. They are not pro- or anti-Bolshevik, but accept Bolshevism as a matter of course. The men who are coming to the front in Russia's army, factories, villages, universities, and government institutions are more than half of them between twenty and thirty years of age. Six or nine years ago they were half-grown youths or children, with no opinions of their own.

The Old Government never took the trouble to train the minds of the common people. The revolution was their first great intellectual experience. It was a miracle that from the outset made the masses more tolerant toward the usurpers of power, and perhaps more curious regarding them, than were the other classes of society. The rising generation has no first-hand conception of peace and orderly political evolution. 'Peace? What is that? An animal?' children are said to have asked their parents during the Thirty Years' War. Young Russians have equal reason to ask their parents if Russia was ever different from the Bolshevik Russia of to-day. This explains how the ideology of the new generation, reinforced by the atavistic impulse of all Russian peasants to revert to Asiatic social forms, has worked a historical transformation that makes a Bolshevik Government quite satisfactory to the peasants, and thereby contributes materially to its strength.

The economic and material benefits that the Bolsheviks have brought the peasantry are likewise of a peculiar character, and from the Russian standpoint represent progress. The country's new rulers sought to win over the peasants by giving them tangible favors. And they succeeded.

The first public act of the Soviet Government was the general distribution of the big estates. The Bolsheviks thereby stole the agrarian programme of the Social Revolutionaries, who proposed to divide up all the land in Russia systematically and scientifically, and in particular to settle the landless laborers upon holdings of their own. In the hands of the Bolsheviks this measure speedily degenerated into unorganized pillage. The peasants seized the big estates and incorporated them offhand with their old communal lands. Since they were jealously careful to keep all

the land they could lay hold of in their own village, there was neither system nor reason in their acts. The fine model estates were destroyed, while small holdings of less than ten acres nearly doubled in number. Now in Russia holdings of less than ten acres will not support a family. Consequently their owners must have outside occupations. So that the result of subdividing the land was disastrous in many places, and did not a little to cause the recent famine. We can hardly imagine that the peasants are utterly blind to their criminal blunderings. But the fact remains that in spite of famine and other calamities Bolshevism has actually given the peasants title to their farms, and they are grateful to the Kremlin for the favor.

A still more important factor in cultivating friendliness between the peasants and the Soviet Government is the grain-tax. Let me say, to begin with, that during the six years of Bolshevik rule this tax has passed through three stages of development: first, compulsory grain-deliveries, enforced from 1918 to 1920; second, a moderate grain-tax and a generally conciliatory policy toward the peasants from 1920 to 1922—that is, during the epoch of the 'New Economic Policy'; and third, the endeavor of the Government during the present year to accumulate grain for export, associated with a stricter collection of the fixed tax.

The brutal way the Bolsheviks requisitioned grain when the Kremlin was fighting foreign and domestic enemies on every side may be excused. The Government was engaged in a life-and-death struggle. But the peasants finally lost patience, and in spite of their gratitude to the Bolsheviks for distributing the land they began to grumble and rebel. This at once alarmed the Kremlin and led to con-

cessions. For a time the peasant was to have whatever he wanted within the bounds of possibility. While previously the Government had demanded that he turn over to the Soviet authorities his entire crop except what was absolutely necessary for his own subsistence, he was now permitted to keep all the produce he raised minus a modest tax in kind. This change in policy literally wrought a miracle. It satisfied the peasants instantly, and soon relieved the famine situation. The peasants forgot the cruelties of the requisition raids, and went back to work; and if they are not remarkably prosperous today they feel that they are much better off than they were three or four years ago.

This benevolent agrarian policy has been in force since 1921. If the peasants are not thriving, it is due partly to the irrational way the land was allotted to its new owners and partly to bad harvests. Yet they are no worse off than in the days of the Tsar, and in many districts they are perceptibly better off. How can this be? Russia, which before the war was one of the largest grain-exporting countries in the world, has been consuming its food at home for nine years. Although war, revolution, and drought have crippled agriculture, there is still a surplus in many parts of the country that would not have existed under the old system. During Soviet rule the average villager, in spite of bad harvests and requisitions, has had more to eat than before the war. This may seem incredible at first glance, but it is easily explained by a condition that is hardly known outside the country. I mean that Russia's grain exports under the Tsars were always at the cost of an underfed population.

It was lucky for the Bolsheviks that they could not export grain after they seized power. Consequently, except in

districts where civil war was raging or crop failures occurred, the peasants were, after a fashion, well fed. In spite of requisitions, cultivators surrendered only a small portion of their crops. They have been still better off for the last two seasons, which have not been unfavorable, and during which the Soviet Government has pursued a studiously benevolent policy toward them. So for this reason also the country people are now contented and regard the Bolsheviks with favor.

A new influence has recently come into play that may entirely revolutionize this situation. The Soviet Government is exerting itself to the utmost to resume the exportation of grain. If it succeeds in doing so on a large scale, it will commit a new and unforgivable crime against the Russian people. For as long as the land is divided into small holdings tilled by peasant cultivators under the present system of subsistence farming, and scientific agricultural and agrarian reforms are deferred, Russia will never be able to export grain except by underfeeding her own people. This is as true of Soviet Russia as it was of Tsarist Russia. Hitherto the present Government has not made much progress in this direction. It is therefore premature to speculate upon its possibilities now. The important fact is that the relations between the peasants and the Soviet Government, which are determined largely by the food question, are just now excellent. The discontent that was becoming dangerous in 1921 has disappeared.

Another factor in bettering the condition of the peasants is the final abolition of the vodka monopoly, which was so ruinous for them under the Tsars. To be sure, illicit distilling thrives and is having a demoralizing effect. But there is a great difference between a secret abuse that springs from the

people themselves and a systematic poisoning of the nation by the Government — for that was what the state vodka monopoly of the Tsars amounted to. The Imperial Government tried to justify by every kind of plea its criminal exploitation of the people. Some of these arguments were certainly unique. The Tsar's Mohammedan subjects who were opposed to vodka on religious grounds were told by the authorities that when Mohammed forbade the use of wine he meant wine made from grapes — that he made no objection to spirits distilled from grain or potatoes! In this matter the Soviet Government has shown more concern for the welfare of the people than its predecessor. It professes to be combating illicit distilling, and we may be sure that the Bolsheviks will never restore the vodka monopoly as a government institution. Therefore the time and money that the peasants formerly wasted in national vodka-shops are now saved. The 'dry' policy of the Soviet Government is a direct economic benefit to them; and a majority of the peasants are shrewd enough to see this.

Besides the historical and economic changes that convinced the Russian peasant that the Soviet Government is promoting his personal welfare, a number of social and political considerations tend to strengthen his confidence in the present régime. In the first place, we must not forget that the existing Government advertises everywhere its proletarian character. Naturally there is no democracy in Russia. Furthermore no evidence exists of a growth of civic spirit among the people. The Soviet authorities monopolize the function of steering and directing 'the masses.' But the fact is indisputable that a proletarian ideal prevails. It is the centre of all political thinking.

In the country the proletarian char-

acter of the Government makes itself visible in the complete substitution of administrative officers selected from the peasants themselves for the former Tsarist officials. Whither has the old hierarchy of bedizened dignitaries and humbler servants of the monarchy vanished? Not a trace of them is left. It is true that the Communist village Chekist deals no more tenderly with a rebellious peasant than the former 'Excellencies' and their underlings. But let us peek into the peasant's mind for a moment. He does not resent brutality from his own kind in the same way that he did the beatings of his arrogant masters of yesterday. *Kommissar ne barin* — the Commissar is no feudal lord — is a sacramental phrase one hears in every village. It expresses in three words the villager's mental attitude toward the new régime.

For six years the Bolsheviks have been holding protracted Communist revivals in hundreds of thousands of desolate Russian villages. The peasants listen with half an ear and smile contemptuously. But persistence is the strong card of the Bolsheviks. Drops of water will wear away a stone. It is hard to tell if their agitation has perceptibly modified the ideas of the peasants up to date, but it would be venturesome to assert that it has been utterly without effect. To say the least, it seems to have dawned upon the peasant that he is now a favored personality in Russia, that people are courting him, and that the Government does not intend to rob him of his crops. The Kremlin agitators play cleverly upon responsive chords in the peasant's heart. They appeal to his national sentiment. They tell him that the Soviet Government is not 'selling the country to foreign allies, the way the Tsar's Government did at the time of the war.' When they talk about a world revolution they speak of it as a Russian

enterprise. All this naturally flatters the simple peasant — the more so since the Tsar's Government never condescended to enlighten the 'honest muzhik' on Imperial policies.

Furthermore, the Soviet Government has shown remarkable skill in making its automatic system of administration accord with Communist doctrines. No Russian Government has ever been able to dispense with the knout. Every ruler has swung it in his right hand. But the Tsar's Government, in deference to its peculiar ideas of propriety, carried the Orthodox Cross in the left. The Bolsheviks have merely substituted for the Cross the Soviet Star — still keeping a tight grip on the knout in their right hand. But their combination may be the better one — a proletarian peasant government that looks out for the peasant's welfare, but still maintains stern discipline. Even enemies of the Bolsheviks in Russia will tell you that their Government has had wonderful success in handling the muzhiks.

Although the peasant is no Bolshevik and no Communist, he feels quite at home under an Asiatic-Bolshevist administration, which he is inclined to regard, not as a disguised European, but as a genuine Russian, Government — a Government that may treat him brutally, that he constantly curses, but that understands his needs and nature, and therefore instinctively attracts him.

Last of all, motives common to all mankind make their appeal. In spite of the hardships they have suffered, the Russian peasants regard the Kremlin as a protector. They distrust any change of government; they are suspicious of new things. They are convinced that the Monarchists and Cadets, if they regain power, will indulge in excesses of revenge and treat the common people with less consideration than

the Bolsheviks. This conviction has been riveted in their minds beyond removal by the cruel acts of the old landlords during the brief successes of Denikin and Wrangel. During this short ascendancy of the Whites in the Ukraine and the Crimea, estate-owners whose property had been destroyed by the Bolsheviks and their former tenants swept through the country with avenging swords and brutally wrought their wrath upon the peasants. They often flogged every member of a village. Naturally reports of these excesses spread like wildfire, and rallied every peasant to the Red banner. Naturally, too, all who shared in plundering manor houses and estates dread possible retribution from any change of government. Even if they now and then look back longingly to the 'good old times' they do not want their old masters back, whose furniture and other property now adorn every country cabin.

Therefore it is quite natural for the peasants to resign themselves to what they regard as temporary inconveniences with the comment, 'Better let things alone.' To some extent this feeling may be due to weariness, apathy, indifference. At best the peasant has little time to speculate on such subjects. His mind is preoccupied with the material cares of the moment. He knows nothing of the outside world. He has extremely vague ideas of what is going on in Europe. It never occurs to him that there is a country left upon

the globe where the Bolsheviks are not in power. During the six years that these have ruled the country, even the older generation have learned to look upon them as permanent masters. There is a great deal of Slavic subservience among the Russians. They have an inherited disposition to kiss the knout. They willingly submit to strict, self-assertive authority, regardless of its antecedents.

So the mystery of Bolshevism is not so dark a mystery after all. The condition of the Russian peasant is not enviable. He is impoverished by war, revolution, civil war, and famine. But on the other hand the changes of the last few years have added to his importance in the community, have satisfied his immemorial longing for land, have left him what he regards as the most important thing in the world — his crop, and have abolished the vodka monopoly that demoralized and debased him. A 'Peasant Government' has been set up that tries to understand him. Last of all, the peasant has become convinced that he has nothing to gain and everything to lose by a change of government. . . . The Soviet authorities have succeeded in satisfying the essential demands of the Russian masses. That is the mystery of their success. So long as they pursue a policy that is not contrary to the primary material interests of the peasants they are likely to remain in power.

A SUNDAY WALK IN SOFIA

BY THEODOR BERKES

From *Berliner Tageblatt*, August 21
(LIBERAL DAILY)

A SOFIA house of any pretensions is painted ochre yellow, and has a roof of bright-red tiles. This produces a pleasing, harmonious effect. When one looks down upon this sea of red and yellow from a minaret, he discovers that it is broken by many green trees, clusters of gardens, and parks. The general effect is to give a comfortable, homey impression. A distant wreath of dark-blue rugged Balkan peaks, their outlines softened by a light veil of mist, encircles this bright mass of color. They culminate in the broad, solid summit of old Vitoch, seven thousand feet high, who wears his snow cap until midsummer.

The people lack the merry, carefree temperament of the gypsies, the Magyars, and the Serbs. The sound of violins and guttural Balkan folk songs are seldom heard in the cafés and wine-shops. At an hour when Belgrade is still singing, drinking, and listening to orchestras, Sofia has long been sound asleep, the town's silence broken only by the uneasy cawing of the restless crows that nest in every chimney and window nook.

But Sunday mornings Sofia puts aside her week-day sobriety and music echoes from all her yellow, red, green recesses. Clubs of every kind parade. Societies of veterans march to church. Peasants' political societies come to town with banners and village bands; and in every public square there is an open-air concert, where the people make merry, dance the *horo*, and sing. When the bora, or disagreeable north-

east wind, does not blow, filling one's nose, and eyes, and ears with clouds of dust and street-sweepings, when the warm sun bathes the city, then thousands of jolly Sofiotes dance happily on the smooth pavements of Zarbiefrier Boulevard, clear out to Boris Park.

In the square before the lofty Byzantine church of Szeta Nadela, is a little market where people are interminably haggling over purchases. Hundreds and hundreds of peasant girls, in their Sunday finery, stand around in groups, laughing and talking vivaciously. They form brilliant spots of color in the picture, for the peasant girls of the district around Sofia dress in brighter hues than the Thracian girls—though more soberly, to be sure, than Macedonian maidens in their brilliant red kirtles, or the slender, dashing, gypsy women.

To-day—Saint George's Day—is an important anniversary. It is the servingmaids' festal day. According to good old Bulgarian custom, house servants, shepherds, and country school-teachers are hired for the term from Saint George's Day to Saint Dimitri's Day, that is, from the sixth of May to the eighth of October, and then again from the eighth of October to the sixth of May. This anniversary is now regarded with consternation by every Bulgarian housewife, for the servant question is as acute in the Balkans as it is anywhere in Europe. If her maid leaves her on May sixth, she has no assurance that she can get another.

Whoever seeks a servant comes here in front of the church and inquires from group to group: '*Mome, lzanische li sse?*'—'My girl, are you seeking service?' If the girl is seeking work she scrutinizes critically her prospective mistress or master, as the case may be, for the old Oriental tradition has not yet gone entirely out of vogue that requires the master of the house to do the family marketing and engage the servants. If the mutual inspection proves satisfactory, they proceed to discuss wages. When the maid names her price, and demands in addition a new pair of shoes and a new shawl, the housewife raises her hands in horror and asserts that it is more than a government clerk earns to-day. But the peasant girl—and they hire out for nursemaids when only seven years old—is not to be 'bluffed.' Even though this is her first visit to Sofia, she knows how to haggle. The housewife paints in glowing colors the advantages of the place she offers, but this does not ensure that a bargain will be struck before the church.

A writer in a local paper recounts the following experience: 'When I finally got a *moma* to my house, she decided that it was not attractive enough, took a dislike to the alleged capriciousness of my wife, found my child uninteresting, and objected that the street was too dirty, so that she would have to clean the steps too often. She also declared that the floors had not been recently refinished, and would be hard to polish.' 'Finally,' the writer goes on, 'I proposed to rebuild my house, divorce my wife, kill my child, and run for alderman, so that I could get the street paved. Even that did no good. The girl posted off dissatisfied.'

But Saint George's day has still other attractions. A person who is not hunting for a maid, or has found one, visits all his friends who bear the

name of George, for the latter celebrate the anniversary of their patron saint. Since there are hosts of people who have been named 'George' by doting fathers, that they might enjoy the favor of this powerful patron, and since such visits are inexorably demanded by custom, most people have so many calls to make that they do not finish until late at night. And poor George suffers still more than the visitor. He has to stand all day in his best clothes, thanking guest after guest for calling, and serving sweetmeats to his visitors, and after it is all over he is generally too tired to enjoy the little supper with a few chosen bosom friends, where Saint George roast lamb is served. For it is likewise a good old custom in Bulgaria to serve roast lamb on this holiday, which indeed falls in the season when that meat is at its best.

So the good Saint's anniversary is preceded by a chorus of pathetic bleating all over the land, and every householder can then be seen tenderly bearing home an innocent black or white lamb in his arms.

Yet there are times when this peasant Republic has not been able to indulge in roast lamb to satiety; for instance, the present year. The Sofia Municipal Government has a controversy with the butchers, because it demanded that the skins be turned over to the City Treasury by way of a tax. The butchers have struck, the price of meat has soared skyward, and many a man goes hungry. One protesting citizen has written to his newspaper that Darwin was surely wrong, and he is certain no ancestor of his was ever a monkey, able to live on fruit alone.

On Sunday evening the people of Sofia pour back into the city from the suburbs, which, like the rest of Bulgaria, abound in mineral springs. One is astonished at the number of holiday-

makers who have betaken themselves to these resorts. Thousands and thousands throng the highways, men, women, and children, placid, plodding folks, simply but neatly and cleanly clad. They are a solid, substantial race, and betray nothing of the Serb Bohemianism. Your Bulgarian is serious and reserved, devoid of Slavic sentimentality; a frugal chap who, when he makes an excursion, takes a sand-

wich with him, like a thrifty Berliner, and wastes naught in a tavern.

By sundown, Sunday peace broods over Sofia. The massive, sphinx-like contours of the Nevski Cathedral loom defiant and mysterious above the town. Flames shine from the minaret of the Banja-Bashy-Jami. A wonderful barytone chorus of exile singers can be heard from the little graceful gold-grated Russian Church.

THE GAUCHO AND THE PAMPA

BY MANUEL UGARTE

[Manuel Ugarte is a brilliant young Argentine journalist with socialistic leanings, and a strong advocate of anti-imperialistic union among the nations of Latin America. His published works consist largely of collections of the carefully written essays that he has contributed to the newspapers of Buenos Aires. His best-known book, El Porvenir de la America Latina, is a tribute to Latin America as a whole. Other volumes from his pen are Cuentos Argentinos, Una tarde de otoño, and Cuentos de la Pampa, all of which interpret the life of the Argentine Republic.]

FROM *La Revue Mondiale*, August 15
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS FORTNIGHTLY)

THE cultivated plains of modern Argentina and the quiet rural workers of that peculiarly prosperous country retain no longer the character that once they had. This is especially true in the vicinity of the great cities. The great estates which used to have the expanse of a European city have been parceled out or given over to more scientific cultivation. The interminable plains which yesterday belonged to nobody find themselves gradually being explored and colonized. Everything contributes to profound changes, which are emphasized from day to day by emigration and the development of railways. Where once was desert, we see great agricultural machines, enormous mills, and fertile pastures.

The field of the cities' civilizing influence has expanded far beyond the power of prophecy and has brought schools and regulated life in its train. There have been many changes since the days when the mere appearance of a wagon convoy drawn by oxen was an event in that stern and wild landscape. Yet it even now suffices that a single horseman swing around the corner of some road with his mount still bridled in the creole fashion to make us see once more, beneath the banal reality of the modern, the whole romantic past with its bloody love affairs, implacable vengeance, and the heroic struggles which once made the fame of the Gaucho and the pampa. Let us try to understand first of all the mean-

ing of these words in their own surroundings.

The pampa — one endless stretch, like a dead sea, beneath a sullen sun, which on the evening horizon seems to glow like a red lantern — was once a temple where four emotions dominated all: first solitude, in whose presence man looked for safety and justice only to himself; then danger, which was everywhere and kept man's courage taut with constant effort; then liberty, which in the absence of constraint and servitude flourished like a veritable wild flower; and last of all triumphant pride in having surmounted all risks, pride in being king of your own imaginings in your own world. Over wide sweeps of territory nothing save perhaps a tree, a flower, and the cattle, and in the regions nearest to the great cities a few groups of hovels around a *pulpería*—liquor saloon—which was the meeting-place, the centre for gossip, and the scene of brutal combats when hatred took possession of the heart.

On his docile little horse, firmly set in a native saddle covered over with sheepskin, his feet thrust through heavy stirrups, the master of the pampa raised his head. A primitive creature, confronted with the world which he has not explored, has always a gleam of defiance in his glance. Under the hat with the wide lifted brim his eyes, tried by sunlight and wind, scanned the familiar horizon. His enemy might be a man, a pampa tiger, or a tempest, but the elements, the wild beast, or the rival would find a foeman worthy of their steel. This was not courage, it was the necessity of his surroundings. The Gaucho would not be where he was if he were not capable of maintaining himself. Arms were a part of his costume, just as contempt for death was inseparable from his philosophy. It was destiny! Fatalistic

and superstitious, he yielded to events which he felt himself powerless to control.

There was nothing complicated or abstract in his ambition. Love of liberty and his independence made him struggle against all that opposed his personal will. He could sleep at need beneath the open sky and live on nothing but a little maté, but it would have been hard for him to accept constraint. He was in truth an instinctive Bohemian, whose long hair and bristling beard unconsciously evoked the artist. If he had not been illiterate he would have given an artistic form to his hatreds and his melancholies. For sadness is a characteristic trait of the Gaucho. Forced back by civilization, dispossessed by newcomers, threatened by cities which represented all he hated, he knew he was trapped by a superior power. Later on, when progress was to encroach on his domains, he would abuse the gringo and would ridicule his language, his neckties, and his umbrella indiscriminately, but before the latter's systematic labor, spirit of coöperation, and capacity to save, he understood his defeat without admitting it. It was the halting of a heroic conception before the snares or the realities of life.

Overwhelmed with debt, his very rancho itself would cease in the end to belong to him, and the justice which he believed himself authorized to mete out on his own account would bring him into constant conflict with the authorities. The Gaucho became in the end a bandit pursued by the police, with whom he struggled to the death.

Such is the figure that we discern through oral tradition and the long-drawn-out or naïve stories of local historians. The Gaucho in his primitive form has almost vanished; but through survivals which have endured to the present day, such as those of

which we have been speaking, and by taking account of what remains of him in the atmosphere and customs of the country, we can see him again as he once was in his reality and his individuality. For the transformation has not been complete enough in certain districts to wipe out all his traces.

Let us see him at one of those rare moments when the scattered life of the plains takes a rough note of sociability. According to a tradition which we find in other parts of the world and among other peoples, the death of a child less than one year old is an occasion not for mourning but for feasting. Beside the coffin a mother weeps, no doubt, but in the room adjoining or in the open air outside the house the lights are blinking all night long amid carousing, gambling, dancing. The *pericon*, a local dance which somewhat resembles the lancers, but alternates with plaints and recitations, goes on monotonously amid the haunting strains of the guitars, which recur eternally to dismal chords. You smoke tobacco wrapped in the fibre of certain trees, you drink maté or *caña*, and while the young people exchange *relaciones* — compliments which each dancer in turn addresses in a loud voice to his partner and to which she replies in the same tone — the old people cluster around the open hearth, or *fogón*, recalling old times when the wilderness first was conquered. A group at one side is playing *taba*, tossing the knuckle bones of an ox in a primitive form of dice, or discussing the last race where the horses of the neighborhood tried their speed.

The women ornament their hair with bright ribbons. The men, who have removed their spurs for the dance, wear in the belts that support their *chiripas*, or odd blanket chaps, a huge *facón* — the knife which serves indifferently for work about the ranch or to settle a quarrel in the fields. The jollifi-

cation goes on all night long, while the horses, relieved of their saddles, slumber at their stakes. The stars seem to pour their light down over the dark expanse until finally, when the pericon is over, the voice of the *payador* is heard among the attentive assembly.

He is the troubador of the pampas, the ingenuous bard who to the strains of the guitar improvises sad *vidalitas* or recites stories of love and war in a jargon that bristles with pampa dialect and slang. With characteristic gestures, with spasmodic intonation, sometimes with his eyes closed as if he were recalling memories, the singer awakens in their hearts all the rough sentimentality of the land. It is a story of undying love, the death of a fiancée, some dismal tale of deception, or pride in the fatherland, or sometimes a merry yarn, its humor a trifle broad, or even personal persiflage.

When two of these singers find themselves face to face, the interest rises. To an accompanying cadence, a sly duel of strophes — launched turn and turn about — ensues, to the delight of the hearers. Their pride becomes involved, and each man wants to ridicule his rival. Provocation rises from the pleasantry and sometimes grows bitter. The faults of man or horse, the incidents of each one's life, give place to quips that speedily divide the assembly into two camps, each applauding its preferred champion. Passions grow warmer. Sometimes insults break out and these become the origin of bloody encounters that leave a dead man lying on the plain, while a cavalier with flying bridle goes riding into the unknown.

Such scenes of violence take place more frequently at the door of the *pulpería*. Disputes and duels with or without a witness are daily occurrences. A special kind of pride makes this inevitable. The mere suspicion of cow-

ardice is enough to disgrace a man, and the constant concern to maintain a reputation for courage causes every other consideration to be forgotten. When a combat ends only in wounds, no matter how serious, all passes over without trouble, since it is a point of honor to be silent and refuse all interference by the authorities; but when the ending is fatal, concealment is impossible and the killer must flee to escape the law. He will find everywhere aid, money, hospitality. The single phrase, *Tuve una desgracia* — 'I have had bad luck' — explains the situation. He is not a criminal, he is an honest man with whom fate has dealt harshly.

In proportion as the social organization becomes fixed, the possibilities of escaping penalties are less numerous. There was a time when all went on between observers of the same code. Two brave men fought, one of them was cleverer or stronger — it was the judgment of God. There was here, perhaps, a survival from the days of the Spanish conquest. But the cities increased their influence. Flight, far from being a solution of the difficulty, was only the beginning of a new struggle with policemen charged with the duty of pursuit.

In this struggle of the civilized city against the survivals of barbarism, the Gaucho also met his first financial difficulty. In its natural state life on the plains was easy. You got what you needed with little work and the days were free for long rides, for songs, for gambling, for freedom. Since there was no authority, taxes were unknown and you owed no man. But to pay for roads, police, and officials the city presently began to demand taxes from the people who are supposed to derive benefits from these innovations, and the Gaucho, having asked for none of them, interpreted these as trespasses upon his

rights. Proud, stubborn, improvident, he would resist and in the end would go in debt to pay, as a last extremity, fines and fees to the court. His primitive distrust made him suspect the authorities of trying to exploit him, and it is probable, too, that advantage was taken of his ignorance and that abuses were numerous.

The land passed from the men who had conquered it at the risk of their lives to those who had acquired their rights by the aid of paper and the decision of a judge. And the double downfall of the Gaucho — wounded in his pride by the interference of the police in his quarrels, and stripped of his property by a legal system that he could not understand — led to despair.

Life, as he conceived it, had collapsed. Nature itself, dominated by the intelligence and the will of city-bred men, began to be different from what it had been. The railroad stretched out its rails, the telephone crossed the desert, new roads were laid, and the first bridges swung across such obstacles as swamps and rivers. The pampa belonged to the Gaucho no longer. Men and things drove him out toward yet more distant countries, toward the unknown, toward the night. Simple and straightforward, he found no other remedy in his distress than armed resistance to the official and his agents, who in the plainsman's eyes were guilty of all his woes, and this mad policy brought him either death or imprisonment, especially if it also involved some disillusioning love-affair.

Such was the drama of the pampas: the man of nature, crushed by the forces of civilization. The Gaucho was neither Indian nor half-breed, nor the descendant of the Spaniards. He was the chosen type, the conqueror of the wilderness, who for the first time has mastered the earth he treads on, and who puts his faith in the durability of

a condition intermediate between the city, whose artificiality he rejects, and pure barbarism, with whose survivals he struggles. In reality he was the first pioneer of progress and substituted himself by his own personal effort for the savage tribe and wild beasts in the vast expanse from which he was in his turn to be driven. He served as a connecting link between savage hordes and the prosperous coast cities through which the manners and the civilization of Europe have found their way into the New World.

Each period and each civilization demands different capacities and different qualities. The courage, endurance, and firmness of character required to brave the solitude made the Gaucho the master of the pampa, but the same evolution that had brought him into being was to overwhelm him, creating conditions in which his virtues were no longer useful and eventually became harmful. But the Gaucho represents a significant moment in the evolution of the new countries, represents the type of the first struggler in the unknown plains.

By the side of his degenerate modern descendant we see rising, as the product of recent periods, the rural worker, honest and devoted to his task, retaining certain characteristics of the Gaucho in his horsemanship and love of the guitar, but abandoning like long-forgotten dreams the Gaucho's romantic attitudes and haughty independence. From the point of view of progress this represents the capture of recalcitrant elements in the cause of general improvement. From the point of view of the picturesque and of literature, it is a falling away from the past.

Although he is by no means deprived

of individuality, this *peón de estancia*, this cow-puncher of modern days, this tamer of wild horses, has nevertheless but a vague relationship to the primitive Gaucho. On the immense estates of the transformed pampa, he is accomplishing his daily task. Nothing in his attitude suggests the battling horseman of the proud old legend. Only his deep eyes preserve a glance that might come from the tomb of his ancestors.

The cowboy of the United States, more practical, more modern, superior certainly as a link in human evolution, has not had a similar history. Among the legendary figures that appear in the course of the three centuries during which the New World has seen barbarism, conquest, colonial life, independence, anarchy, and civilization — passing as in a moving picture, with the most various directing principles and the most complex mingling of races — the Gaucho marks what is undeniably the most picturesque and most original moment. If we regard this series of swiftly changing phenomena, we see repeated in America, on a grand scale or on a small one, the history of humanity. During the feverish passage of this new society from its origin down to the days in which we live, there was a moment in the nineteenth century when the Middle Ages seemed to surge up in the figure of this instinctive poet, part condottiere and part feudal lord, who obtained an ephemeral victory for the lyric side of life. Though the tide of reason has swept him away, even in the midst of equalitarian progress, — which banishes sentiment and originality in order to exalt a universal form, — this person and this moment well deserve to be remembered among the visions of that past which civilization casts aside.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

BY GEORG BRANDES

[We print a third consecutive article by Georg Brandes, this time from the distinguished Danish critic's recently published *Reminiscences*, because it supplements his study of Ibsen in our issues of October 27 and November 3.]

From *Die Rundschau*, September
(BERLIN LIBERAL LITERARY MONTHLY)

IBSEN was one of the few men who commented frankly upon my book, *Émigré Literature*, in a letter which was later printed. He praised it highly. We found ourselves in fruitful agreement on many points and in disagreement on other points; and our candid argument over these differences of opinion was even more fruitful.

Every afternoon I would leave the atrocious little hotel he had recommended to me near his lodgings and pick him up for a walk, which we usually interrupted by a call at some tavern, where the waiters would be visibly impressed by the barbarian decorations in Ibsen's buttonhole. We invariably returned to his house in time for tea.

After an interval of a year during which I did not see him, I received a new impression of him. Although he was not a particularly large man, he was of manly and athletic build. His powerful head, thick neck, and mighty shoulders made him look like a person whom it would take exceedingly hard blows to down. While he ordinarily spoke little, he was communicative to me. His conversation was remarkable for its composure and deliberation, and for the fact that he never smiled even though the person to whom he spoke smiled first. Sometimes this had an embarrassing effect. To characterize him with a single word, he was an

intimidating man. His sharp eyes could actually inspire fear. He had the manner of an autocrat, of a person accustomed to treat other men as a stern teacher treats his pupils. With all his antagonism to the Norwegians, he was very Norwegian himself.

Forty years of bitter hatred were stored up in his soul. His contempt for his fellow men knew no bounds. He was an aristocrat to the core and ran true to type in all phases of his life and thought. It was an article of his creed that all public men — that is, parliamentary politicians, not men like Bismarck — were hypocrites, liars, babblers, and 'dogs.' They made their living out of men's longing for political liberty, which only resulted in giving ridiculous dilettantes control of public affairs. All this civic gush, and the people who profited by it, must be cleared out. Their rôle was played. Political assemblies had fallen into well-justified contempt and had made themselves the laughingstock of Europe. His hatred for uncandid and unwise agitation for liberty threatened to destroy his sympathy even for aspirations that were honest and sincere. He used to deliver tremendous eulogies on the knout. 'Do not speak ill of the knout!' he would cry with enthusiasm. 'It frees people from their unhealthy fat.'

The only freedom worth while was,

in his opinion, social freedom, intellectual freedom, freedom of thought, freedom of conscience. This might be enjoyed under a modern form of intelligent absolutism quite as well as under the despotism of petty tyrants — indeed much better. He despised the Norwegian Liberals and regarded most of the Norwegian peasants as a dirty, greedy pack. He laughed at Björnson's peasant stories. He took special delight in referring to the important part love played in them, although in reality the Norwegian peasant knew nothing whatever of romantic love. A youth of twenty welcomed a chance to marry a rich old hag of seventy. If Björnson would merely keep at it until Arne reached the Storthing, we should have a chance to see Arne as he really was.

I learned from Ibsen's letters many years later that he at this time cherished a friendship — yes, an almost enthusiastic affection — for Björnson. Personally, however, I never heard him mention Björnson, either then or later, except with violent aversion and depreciation. His fanaticism in this matter surprised me. One day he was violently tearing to pieces Magdalene Thorensen's stories and condemning her language as affected and untrue to life, when he interrupted himself to say: 'But after all she is more talented than that Björnson.' I might add, however, that Ibsen never spoke as contemptuously of Björnson as Björnson spoke of Ibsen.

Ibsen's unbounded faith in the necessity of a royal government, in order to preserve an aristocratic intellectual attitude and to hold down the Liberals, made him a natural enemy of Björnson's republicanism. He attached importance only to a nation's making its due contribution to world evolution. A government was valuable only in so far as it stimu-

lated a people to great and rare achievements.

During one of our walks he said: 'The northern countries lie outside the stream of culture. The unhappy consequence is that we have to pass through all its stages after the rest of Europe has completed them. We are constantly lagging behind. It is as if a person were to begin teaching astronomy in Madagascar and started with the Ptolomaic system.'

His opinions of books were interesting. But he judged them by a single quality: the only thing that mattered in his mind was whether they were intimately connected with the soul-life of the author. If so, they were good. If not, they were merely mechanical. . . . He thought it an evidence of the progress of our times that poetry — and not only poetry but all literature — was becoming more psychological. He once said to me: 'What will assure your last book life in years to come is that it shows how you personally see things. If you want objectivity, you go to the objects. Read me in order to know me.' He meant that this was the great literary revolution that he himself had brought about.

At this time Henrik Ibsen was writing upon his double drama, *Emperor and Galilean*, which he discussed with me from the moment he began it. At first, however, I could not persuade him to read me a single extract. When he planned to copy it in order to polish the prose dialogue, he would not let me see the first draft. He said to me: 'I never write a line without asking myself: "What would G. B. say to that?" How can I let you see the piece before it is polished up?' None the less, a little later he read me long extracts from it — among them the scenes between Julian and the mystic Maximus. His voice, which was naturally husky, was well fitted to convey

the impression of mystery and feeling.

All his artistic instincts led him unconsciously in the direction of the modern prose-drama. He was silent for years while the new form was maturing in his soul. To be sure, as early as 1869 he wrote that biting modern satire, *The League of Youth*, but with no idea of striking into a new path. Immediately afterward he returned to his earlier type. But even then he was already involved in a powerful process of inner evolution.

While Ibsen felt himself on a war footing with Norway, he endeavored open-mindedly to acquire such new elements of culture as the young German Empire had to offer—so far as they were accessible to him and he had use for them. However, there was little that reached his own level. He attended regularly the lectures of the Dresden Literary Union and took me with him. We used to listen there to sensible and meritorious talks. . . .

I had gradually become so intimate with Ibsen that I felt our parting would be difficult for me. He kept repeating that he did not believe I would actually leave, and begged me, for my own sake, to spend the whole winter there, adding: 'I cannot convince myself that you are actually going away.'

As I watched the regularity and equability with which Ibsen worked at Dresden, undisturbed by life about him, I looked forward with anything but pleasant anticipation to my drudgery at Copenhagen, in the midst of the noise of the city, the crying of newspapers, and the constant interruption of people coming to me for counsel and advice. I gradually realized how I sinned against myself by reading newspapers. My great need was to collect and organize my thoughts. That is a prerequisite for accomplishing anything. All creative work demands inner repose without interruptions

from without. No mature man ought to tolerate foreign trespassers in the sanctuary to which his soul retires to spin its web. Creative writing is web-spinning—a web so delicate and fragile that it is easily torn by the intruder. But when it has been finished, and is brought out into the light, it may harden to wires of steel and endure a century or more.

In Berlin, where I stayed most of the time during the next few months, I discovered to my surprise that I was so well known that many houses were immediately thrown open to me. It gave me great joy to learn that my way of treating literary history was approved by the most cultivated people in Germany. The men whom I met knew me more than by name, and since I looked much younger than my thirty years I was often asked if I was not the son of the 'famous critic.' Most of the writers and public men whom I met, and many distinguished ladies, said very pleasant things regarding the originality of my views and the freshness of my style. This kind opinion continued to grow, not only in northern Germany but also in Bavaria and Württemberg, so that a few years later I met many gentlemen in Munich who sought out my acquaintance as a result of reading my works.

The impression I received of the new German Empire as it was emerging from a victorious war, and of German society as far as I was able to judge it from the cross-section under my eye, was exceedingly vivid and had a pre-eminent influence on my intellectual development. This influence was the stronger on account of my previous prejudice against everything German.

My old dislike for that country, which as a Dane I had cherished from childhood, was strengthened later by my grief at Germany's victory over

my native land. After my sojourn in Italy, this feeling grew into bitter hatred for what I considered the ugly and tasteless German temperament. The new Empire seemed to me a stronghold of European reaction. The new imperial throne was in my eyes an untimely resurrection from the rubbish-room of history. I had referred to the Kaiser in a poem as 'master of the powers of darkness.' The mixture of triumphant joy and reverence for God in the official war-dispatches of new Germany impressed me as *purè* hypocrisy or a stupid and tasteless form of piety.

I was destined to have a great surprise. In the social circles to which I was introduced in Berlin, a spirit prevailed at least a generation in advance of that in Copenhagen. The tone was free without being discordant. A culture that was at once lofty and thorough set the standards of conversation and encouraged a lively and most instructive exchange of ideas. The ability of the men and women I met in this city of progress was often impressive, and their wealth of information dazzled a person coming from a town like Copenhagen, where newspaper gossip supplied the meagre substance of the thin, barren, uninspiring conversation. I met in Berlin people from all parts of the Empire and from Austria and Switzerland. *Émigrés* of 1848, the victims of Germany's struggle for freedom, were returning after twenty years' sojourn in the United States, bringing with them the atmosphere of a distant and unfamiliar country. So the parochialism of Copenhagen seemed doubly narrow after contact with the cosmopolitanism of Berlin.

I quickly got over the fancy that there was more freedom in Denmark than in Prussia. As far as intellectual freedom was concerned, and that, for obvious reasons, lay nearest to my

heart, there was absolutely no comparison between Berlin and Copenhagen. The freedom of inquiry for which I was fighting in Denmark was already accepted as a matter of course by the people I met in Berlin. I became acquainted with hundreds of men of all classes of society and political ideas, but I did not meet a single person, either a man or a woman, who professed faith in a dogmatic religious creed. Germany was, more than any other place where I had ever been, a land of freethinkers. Professors and students, merchants and politicians, authors and editors, aristocrats, diplomats and officers, matrons and maidens, all regarded the theology in which the Danish public still lived and thought as a survival of the Middle Ages, something past and gone, in which they took no interest. Freethinking was accepted as a matter of course, as something that did not require to be mentioned.

Social problems were discussed without prejudice or passion. There was no hint of the terror with which the people in Denmark were watching the beginning of a labor movement in their country. Most men regarded Socialism as a false doctrine, but showed no hatred or irritation at it. Lassalle had moved in these same circles, a living proof that high education could coexist with the conviction that the present economic system was destined speedily to disappear. Furthermore, all the older generation, women as well as men, had been revolutionists in 1848; and from political revolution to social revolution was but a step.

What was even more remarkable was the absolute absence in these circles of offensive patriotism. There were some ladies, mostly those who knew nothing of French culture, whose national pride had rather gone to their heads and whose opinions of other

countries were distorted for that reason. But one could hardly hold it against a distinguished lady who had lived through Germany's political humiliation, and witnessed its resurrection, if she replied to the tactless compliment of a foreigner, 'So the Germans have now become *la grande nation*,' with 'We have always been so.'

In general, good form demanded an attitude of sympathy toward defeated France. Indeed a violation of this spirit brought prompt punishment. A real *salon* was to be found in one of the most hospitable houses of the Berlin of the 70's, the home of the publisher and member of the Reichstag, Franz Duncker, in Potsdamerstrasse. I met here most of the prominent Liberals. One day, when French guests were present, roast hare was served. A rude chauvinist member of the Reichstag made a coarse jest to one of the Frenchmen. Turning to that gentleman he affected to introduce the hare to him as his countryman. As soon as the company rose from the table, Madame Duncker requested the offender to leave the house at once.

Many of the public men whom I met belonged to the opposition and were hostile to Bismarck and his policies. They considered that whatever that statesman had done for Germany was to be judged in the spirit of Faust, as

..... *ein Teil der Kraft*
Die stets das Böse will und stets das Gute
schaft.

However, I met other public men like Laien, who regarded Bismarck after the founding of the Empire as a very different man from the ultra-Prussian, ultra-conservative, fire-eating youth of former days, and placed great trust in him as the future leader of the country. His genius for foreign affairs was never questioned.

At first I had an intense personal

aversion for Bismarck, who seemed to me a powerful brute rather than a great genius. However, his personality began to interest me, as it did everybody else. What attracted me was to see a man so sure of his position. Here was a person who knew what he wanted, and unhesitatingly strode straight toward his goal.

I met upon the street, listened to in the Reichstag, heard discussed in every conversation, and saw debated in every newspaper, the great man of the age, whose policies were habitually referred to as inexorable. I never shared the latter opinion, and I was much impressed by a sentence that I found in one of his letters: 'On the contrary, I am not undeviating and inexorable enough. I am too cowardly.' This statement confirmed my previous opinion; and moreover it seemed to fit myself as though it were written for me personally. I had previously allowed myself to be misled or persuaded into lukewarmness in advocating my views, under the impression that I should thus make them more palatable. I discovered that this was useless. From that moment no power on earth could make me belittle and extenuate what I believed.

While I was still under the fresh impression of this conversion, I for the first time came across some of Ferdinand Lassalle's pamphlets. As an introduction to their study I read Spielhagen's excellent novel, *In Reih' und Glied*, where Lassalle was the model of the author's hero, Leo. I had recently made Friedrich Spielhagen's personal acquaintance. He was then at the summit of his popularity, genial, talkative, and hospitable. The red-blooded radicalism in his books just suited me, especially his portrait of Lassalle, whose firmness, mastery, and freedom from declamation I spontaneously admired. Lassalle's own

writings appealed to me powerfully. They impressed me more deeply than anything else that I had read for a long time — not by their form, which was often tasteless, but by their content. I never thought much of the old German political economy and public economy. But Lassalle's personality, his inflexible logic, supported by his wide knowledge, his clarity, his indifference to official accusations and private attacks, his political perspicuity, and finally his chivalry and ease in argument, — which imposed even upon Bismarck, — made him seem to me indeed a gifted prophet.

Lassalle strengthened my conviction that the bourgeois culture of the day had been wrecked on the reefs of philistinism, and that any writer who aspired to exercise positive influence hereafter must hasten to ally himself with the laboring masses.

The fundamental quality of Lassalle's character, as well as Bismarck's, was inexorable determination. I resolved that the same quality should become mine in spite of our radical dissimilarity in temperament. And indeed our destinies did become similar to this extent, that I likewise made numerous enemies.

FROM MY DIARY

BY MAKSIM GOR'KII

[Alexander Blok, the Russian poet, died in 1921.]

From the *Adelphi*, October
(LONDON LITERARY MONTHLY)

YESTERDAY I had a conversation with Alexander Blok. We came out together from the office of *World Literature*, and he asked me what I thought of his lecture, 'The Débris of Humanism.'

Several days ago he read a kind of lecture, or rather a little article, on this theme. The paper seemed to me rather obscure, but full of tragic premonitions. When he read it Blok reminded me of the child in the fairy tale who loses his way in the woods—he feels monsters approaching out of the darkness and mutters charms in the hope of frightening them away. As he held the sheets of his lecture, reading, his fingers

trembled. I asked myself: Does the fact of the decline of humanism grieve or rejoice him? In his prose he is not so flexible and talented as in his poems, but he is a man who feels very deeply and destructively. Essentially a man of the 'decadence.' It seems to me that Blok's beliefs are not clear to himself; his words, like lichen on a stone, do not penetrate into the depth of his thought, into that which destroys himself together with all that which he calls the 'débris of humanism.'

Some of the ideas of the lecture appeared to me insufficiently thought out, as for instance: 'To civilize the masses is neither possible nor necessary'; 'Dis-

coveries have made way for inventions.'

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries are so monstrously rich in inventions precisely because they were the epoch of the greatest and most fecund scientific discoveries. And to say that civilization is impossible and unnecessary for the Russian people is obviously a sort of Scythianism, and this I understand as a concession to the anti-state feeling of the Russian masses. But what has Blok to do with Scythianism?

I explained my idea to him as cautiously as I could. It is difficult to talk to him: he seems to despise all those to whom his world is strange and unintelligible — and his world is unintelligible to me. Of late I have been sitting with him twice a week at the editorial meetings of *World Literature*, and have argued more than once with him about the imperfections of the translations from the point of view of the spirit of the Russian language. Such arguments do not help to bring men closer together. Like nearly all the rest of the workers in the editorial office he regarded the work formally and indifferently.

He said he was pleased to see that I was ridding myself of 'the Russian intellectual's habit of solving problems of social existence.' 'I always felt,' he said, 'that it was not real in you. In your *City of Okurov* one could already see that you were troubled by "childish questions"; these are the most profound and terrible!'

He is mistaken, but I did not argue; let him think so if it pleases him or if he must think so.

'Why don't you write about these questions?' he insisted.

I said that such questions as the meaning of life, of death, of love, are strictly personal, intimate, questions for myself alone. I do not like to take them into the market place, and if, on rare occasions, I do it involuntarily, the result is always clumsy and poor.

'To speak of one's self is a fine art — I don't possess it.'

We walked into the Summer Garden, and sat down on a bench. Blok's eyes are almost mad. By their brilliance, by the trembling of his cold, harassed face, I saw that he was thirsting to speak, to ask questions. Rubbing the sunny pattern on the ground with his foot, he reproached me: 'You are hiding. You hide your thoughts of the spirit, of truth. Why do you do it?'

And before I had time to answer he burst into condemnation of the Russian 'intellectuals,' using threadbare words of criticism, words particularly out of place now, after the revolution.

I said that, in my opinion, this critical attitude toward the 'intellectuals' was itself a purely 'intellectual' attitude. It could not have been evolved by the peasants who know the 'intellectual' only as represented by the self-sacrificing doctor or the exceptional village teacher; nor could it have been evolved by the town worker who owed all his political education to the 'intellectual.' The attitude was mistaken and wrong in itself, apart from the fact that it destroyed the respect of the 'intellectuals' for themselves and their historic work as agents of culture. Our 'intellectuals' have always played, are now playing, and will continue to play the part of the dray-horse of history. By their indefatigable labors they have raised the proletariat to the point of a revolution which is without precedent for the scope and depth of the problems set by it for solution.

He appeared not to be listening to me; he looked sternly on the ground; but when I stopped he started again about the vacillation of the 'intellectuals' in their attitude toward Bolshevism and, incidentally, made a true remark: 'Having conjured up the spirit of destruction from the darkness, it is not honest to say: It is not we who did

it, it is the others there. Bolshevism is the logical fruit of the work of "intellectuals" in university chairs, in newspaper offices, and underground.' . . .

A lovely woman greeted him affectionately; he looked at her dryly, almost negligently, and she walked away with a confused smile. Looking after her, watching the movement of her small, hesitating feet, Blok asked me: 'What do you think of immortality, of the possibility of immortality?'

His question was persistent; there was a stubborn look in his eyes. I said that perhaps Lamennais was right: since the quantity of matter in the universe is limited, one must admit that its combinations may be repeated an infinite number of times in an eternity. Therefore it was possible that in some millions of years, one cloudy evening in a Petersburg spring, Blok and Gor'kii would again discuss immortality, sitting on a bench, in the Summer Garden.

'You are not talking seriously?' he asked.

His persistence surprised and rather irritated me, although I realized that he was asking, not out of mere curiosity, but to extinguish, to suppress a thought which alarmed and disturbed him.

'I have no reasons,' I said, 'to consider Lamennais's view less serious than other views on that subject.'

'Well, but what do *you* think?' He stamped his foot. Up to that evening he had seemed to me reserved, taciturn.

'Personally I rather like to represent man to myself as an apparatus that transmutes this so-called "dead matter" into psychical energy, and some time, in the immeasurably remote future, he will transmute the whole "universe" into pure psyche.'

'I don't understand — a sort of panpsychism, is it?'

'No. For there will be nothing ex-

cept thought. Everything will disappear, transmuted into pure thought. Only thought will exist, embodying in itself all the thinking of mankind from the first glimpses to the moment of the last explosion of thought.'

'I can't make it out,' Blok repeated, with a shake of his head.

I suggested that he should conceive the universe as an incessant process of dissociation of matter. Matter, in disintegrating, constantly emits such kinds of energy as light, electromagnetic waves, Hertzian waves, and so on; among these are also the phenomena of radioactivity. Thought is the product of the dissociation of the atoms of the brain, the brain being created out of the elements of 'dead,' inorganic matter. In the brain-substance of man that matter is incessantly transformed into psychic stuff. I allow myself to think that some time all the 'matter' absorbed by man will be transmuted by his brain into one energy — psychical. It will find harmony in itself and will rejoice in self-contemplation, in contemplation of the boundlessly varied creative possibilities hidden in itself.

'It is a gloomy fantasy,' Blok said, with a smile. 'It is pleasant to think that the law of conservation of matter is against it.'

'And I find it pleasant to think that laws created in laboratories do not always coincide with the unknown laws of the universe. I am convinced that if, from time to time, we could weigh our planet we would find that its weight is gradually decreasing.'

'All this is boring,' said Blok, shaking his head. 'The thing is simpler; the fact is that we have become too clever to believe in God, and not strong enough to believe in ourselves alone. As the foundations on which life and belief may rest there exist only God and myself. Mankind? But can one believe in mankind after this war and

on the eve of inevitable, still more cruel wars? No, that fancy of yours — it is uncanny! I don't think you were speaking seriously.'

He gave a sigh.

'If we only could stop thinking altogether for ten years. To put out that illusory light, the will-o'-the-wisp that drives us deeper and deeper into the night of the world, and to listen to the universal harmony with our hearts. The brain, the brain — It is not a safe organ, it is monstrously big. A tumor, like a goitre —'

He was silent for a while, his lips firmly compressed, then he said softly: 'To stop all motion; for time to cease—'

'It would cease, if you could communicate to all motions the same velocity.'

Blok glanced at me askance, raised his brows, and quickly, vaguely began talking — delirious words. I ceased to understand him. I had a strange feeling: it seemed as if he was tearing worn-out rags off himself.

Suddenly he got up, held out his hand, and walked away to the tram. At the first glance his walk seems firm, but when you look more closely you see that his step is undecided and wavering. And, however well-dressed he may be, you feel you would like him to be dressed differently, unlike other people. Whereas some men, even when they are swathed in the furs of a Samoyed, look like everybody else, Blok definitely needs unusual clothes.

ABBOT IKKIU'S CONVERT

BY MADAME YUKIO OZAKI

From the *Japan Advertiser*, July 23
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

Good Abbot Ikkiu, imbued with the philosophy of Buddhism, knew that the sins and follies of youth were part of the discipline of life, like its trials and sorrows. The human ship needs wise piloting past the rocks and shoals of mortality. As long as man is born into the world he must experience trouble till by a mental process he is able to lift himself above or beyond selfish desires.

Now it happened that in the city of Sakai in the family of a well-known apothecary, Konishi Rihei, there was dire trouble. The only son, Takejiro, had fallen madly in love with the beautiful courtesan called Jigoku Dayu.

These unfortunate women were not in those times the degraded creatures they are in the present day. They often were accomplished and educated women, and learned and celebrated men sought their companionship, and some became so famous that they exercised great influence on men in high positions and refused and chose the lovers who courted them. In Grecian history the name of Pericles is always coupled with Aspasia, and there are many such parallels in old Japan. Now Jigoku Dayu had not chosen her unfortunate calling — she had been forced into it. She belonged to the samurai class, and her education and conduct helped her

rise like the lotus above the mud of her surroundings. Knowing the horror of her life, she named herself 'Hell,' or Jigoku.

Now the son of the apothecary had spent his father's substance to the amount of 3900 *ryo* visiting Jigoku for the space of three years. His father had hoped that the young man's infatuation would wear itself out in time, but contrary to his optimistic expectation his son seemed only to sink deeper and deeper into the abysses of this entanglement of youth.

Konishi Rihei despaired when Takejiro announced at last that his one hope in life was to redeem Jigoku and marry her. As may be imagined, the father remonstrated with his son, who turned a deaf ear to his parent's protests.

Strange to say, the father's opposition to what he considered his son's madness was reinforced by Jigoku herself. She refused the young lover's offer of marriage. 'No,' she answered to his proposal, 'I certainly do not intend to marry you now! You have only courted me for four years. If you really love me you must show it by a devotion of ten years. Your probation has another six years to run!'

Perhaps Jigoku with the wisdom of the serpent knew that marriage with such as she would not be for either the family's or the young man's good, and understanding the fickleness of youth hoped that he would give up the idea of obtaining her if he had to wait so long.

Takejiro could hardly believe that he heard aright when Jigoku declared that he must wait six years more for her. The disappointment was more than he could bear, and the unfortunate young fellow, already overwrought by going against his father's will, became demented. Returning home in the greatest dejection, he did nothing but repeat Jigoku's name aloud night and day, shutting himself up in his room.

The father, hearing that Ikkiu was staying in the vicinity at Sumiyoshi, snatched at this glimmer of hope. Surely the famous Abbot would find some way to rescue his son from this distressing situation. So he dispatched a retainer to entreat the priest's help.

When Ikkiu was told all the circumstances he benignly consented to visit Takejiro. Everyone in the apothecary's household was delighted, believing in the reputation of the great priest and relying on him to find some way out of the trouble into which the hope of the family had fallen.

The next morning Ikkiu, accompanied by his faithful disciple Shokaku, set out for Sakai. As soon as he reached Konishi's house he said: 'Where is the young man?'

'He is in an inner room; he refuses to come out,' was the answer.

'Let me go and see him alone,' said Ikkiu. 'No one must come. You must leave us entirely alone.'

Ikkiu was then conducted to Takejiro's room. The young man, whose brain was in a fever with his longing for Jigoku, thought that it was she when the priest entered his room. He caught hold of Ikkiu's sleeve, crying out, 'Jigoku! Jigoku!'

'I am Ikkiu,' said the priest calmly and firmly.

Takejiro knew of Abbot Ikkiu by report, and the great name restored the young man somewhat to his reason. But in his state of hallucination he thought Ikkiu had brought Jigoku with him.

'Oh, thank you, thank you for bringing my beloved Jigoku with you!'

Then the demented youth burst out railing against the woman who declined his offer of marriage. 'How cold-hearted Jigoku is! I have courted her for four years and still she is not satisfied. She now says I must wait for six years more, as if I had not already

given her enough attention! Then think of the money required. My father will refuse to give me more to spend on Jigoku.'

Ikkiu saw that in order to bring the young man back to reason he must first of all calm his agitation. So he said: 'Well, why don't you do that? Six years will soon pass. Go there every day and spend as much money as you can. It does not matter whether you spend all your father's money or not.'

All the family, including Takejiro's anxious father and mother and their dependents, were waiting in the next room, listening with bated breath to the conversation and expecting a miracle to be performed for the young master. Their surprise and disappointment was beyond expression when they heard such worldly advice falling from the sage's lips.

Ikkiu took his fan from his belt and, opening it, wrote the following old Zen Buddhist poem on the leaves:—

*Yami no yoni
Nakanu karasu no
Koe kikeba
Umarenu saki no
Chichizo koishiki.*

(If you can hear the voice of a crow which does not cry in the dark night, then you can long for your father before birth.)

Ikkiu then handed the fan to Takejiro, saying: 'Ponder over this poem well for three days, and then if you can understand the meaning of it I think the woman you love may consent to marry you without making you wait six years!'

'It is impossible for me to understand this poem!'

'Of course you cannot understand it now; that is why I told you to meditate over it for three days. At the end of that time, if you still find it incomprehensible, then go to Jigoku Dayu and ask her the meaning of the poem! But do not go alone on this occasion.

Take as many servants as your father will allow and a large sum of money, and make as much show as you can in spending it!'

At hearing this advice given to his dear son, so contrary to that which he had hoped and expected, the master of the house was astonished and angry.

Ikkiu now left the young man and coming out into the corridor met the father, who looked very depressed.

'Have you been listening to what I said? It is no use to oppose your boy at this juncture. If we can calm his mind he may recover. I have given him a poem to meditate on. Thinking out its obscure meaning will distract his mind and he will become calmer. I have instructed him at the end of three days to visit Jigoku and ask her to help him solve the riddle of the poem. Never mind the money he spends. His life is more precious than your money. His mind is at present in a ferment. Let him grow calm!'

With these words Ikkiu took his departure.

For the next three days Takejiro kept very quiet. He no longer shouted like a madman for Jigoku to come to him. His father anxiously entered the room to find out what had wrought so marvelous a change in such a short time and found his son absorbed in solving the poetical problem Ikkiu had written on the fan. On the fourth day Takejiro came forth apparently sane and in his right mind.

'Give me your permission to go to Jigoku Dayu! I wish to see her,' he said to his father.

Having been warned by Ikkiu to expect this, the father gave a willing consent, and sent his son off with a number of servants and a sum of money.

As soon as Takejiro met Jigoku he told her that he had come to see her by order of the great Abbot Ikkiu with

a request: 'The favor I have to ask of you is this: The Abbot wrote a very difficult poem on a fan, and he said that if I could not find a solution to it within three days I was to come to you — that you, Jigoku, would be able to explain the riddle.'

Jigoku took the fan and perused the composition for some time in silence, but at last she handed it back to Takejiro, saying: 'It is too difficult! I cannot understand it! But I will call on the Abbot Ikkiu to-morrow and see him. Please go back to-day. Do not stay here!'

Takejiro, whose mind was intent on understanding the poetical conundrum, willingly consented and returned home.

The next day Jigoku set out to visit the priest. When she was announced Ikkiu was warming some sake preparatory to drinking. Ikkiu handed the sake jug to his attendant, Shokaku, telling him to offer some to the visitor. Shokaku obeyed, and as he proffered the little cup of hospitality he said: 'Poor woman! You have no husband. I feel a great pity for you. You must find a good mate and serve him faithfully. But first of all you must purify your heart! Leave the world and live in the mountains far from all shame and guilt!'

And with this gentle admonition for Jigoku's future welfare Shokaku handed her the wine cup and was about to fill it, but Jigoku with a graceful gesture declined the inebriating beverage, and explained that she had come to ask Ikkiu to interpret for her the poem which he had propounded to Takejiro and which both of them found incomprehensible.

'Oh,' said the Abbot, 'I only intended that poem to pacify the excited mind of the young man. While he loses himself in trying to solve the poetical riddle, he will forget his trouble and his distraught mind will grow calmer.

Possibly I myself do not understand the meaning of the poem. Because human beings are born in this world their hearts are torn with desires and wishes which cause them suffering. If they were not born there would be no lust or desire of the world and the flesh, and therefore there would be no suffering. The voice of a crow in a dark night which never cries is the same as the birth cry of a mortal. If men could recall the time before they utter their birth cry, then they would be able to give up all their longings and desires and live in peace.'

Jigoku was a clever woman and understood Ikkiu's abstruse Buddhist teaching. She bowed and thanked the great master and then took leave.

It was late in December and the end of the year was approaching.

'Next year,' said Ikkiu, 'I will come to see you and Takejiro!'

Jigoku made a profound obeisance.

'When will you deign to come? I should like to know,' said the woman.

'I will come New Year's Day,' said the priest. 'So you must prepare a feast for me,' and Ikkiu laughed at his joke.

'Be so good as to tell me what foods suit your honorable taste,' entreated Jigoku.

'I like those things which other people don't eat! I dislike what other people like!' was the eccentric priest's answer.

When New Year's Day came round he ordered his attendant to bring him a bamboo staff. He then took from his alcove a skull which was the gruesome treasure kept on this altar of beauty. Attaching this uncanny reminder of the grave to the top of the bamboo, the Abbot set out. The curiosity of the people in the street was aroused as he went along carrying the skull held aloft in front of him, and soon a crowd followed at his heels. At last he arrived

at Konishi Rihei's house. The inmates came to the porch to welcome the great priest, but when their eyes fell upon the weird staff he carried so ostentatiously they were taken aback. But none of them dared to say so out of respect to Ikkiu.

The head of the house came out to welcome him. Ikkiu inquired at once how Takejiro was.

'He is much quieter now and acts as if he were restored to his right mind, thanks to your kind teaching,' said the father.

'That is well,' said Ikkiu. 'Give him plenty of books to read — all the books he likes — to keep his mind occupied.'

Then Ikkiu showed Konishi the skull, poking it in his face.

'This is my New Year's greeting. I brought it to show you! If I leave it here you may be annoyed.'

'Please take it away,' said Rihei, in evident disgust.

'Before I go then I will touch everyone's head with it!' and Ikkiu proceeded uncereemoniously to rub all who had come out to the porch to greet him with the horrible skull. Everyone tried to avoid contact with the skull by dodging this way and that, showing their evident dislike of Ikkiu's original kind of blessing.

Joking in this eccentric way Ikkiu finally took leave of the apothecary and started out to pay his promised visit to Jigoku. The peculiar standard which he held aloft attracted no end of notice and he was followed by a crowd of curious idlers. As soon as he arrived at the house where Jigoku lived the proprietor, Chobei Kagiya, came out to see what the unwonted commotion was that heralded Ikkiu's approach.

Ikkiu greeted Chobei by placing the skull on his head. The man's surprise may be imagined, and he would have liked to run away.

'As it is New Year's Day I put this happy omen on your head by way of congratulation!' said Ikkiu.

'As it is New Year's Day and my house is decorated with the *Kado matsu* — pine-tree decorations — I beg to be excused from receiving such an ominous and unlucky thing as a dead man's skull!'

'You are a stupid fellow and don't understand!' said Ikkiu, and he then composed the celebrated poem: —

*'Kadomatsu wa
Meido no tabi, no
Ichiri dzuka
Medetabu mo ari
Medetaku mo nashi?'*

(At every door the pine trees stand
One milepost more to the spirit land.
As there's gladness,
So there's sadness!)

'Do you understand the meaning of this poem?' asked Ikkiu. Chobei could answer nothing. He simply blinked his eyes in perplexity, looking a perfect fool and wondering what the great priest meant.

By this time, hearing the conversation carried on and the hubbub of many voices in the street, Jigoku made her appearance. When she caught sight of Ikkiu she knelt down and begged him to enter. Shokaku, who as usual accompanied his master, was dismayed at the idea of the Abbot crossing the threshold of the infamous house. He pulled Ikkiu backward by the sleeve and whispered in his ear: 'Is it right for you, my master, to enter such a vile place on New Year's Day?'

'If one's heart is pure, one can go anywhere and at any time. I will go in and sit by the side of this pretty woman!' said Ikkiu.

With these words he entered the house.

'I have brought you a nice "Jewel of the Year" — *Toshidama*,' said Ikkiu to Jigoku, and he offered her the skull.

Jigoku did not shrink as everyone else had done, but bravely and without a moment's hesitation put out her fan to receive the gruesome object.

'Thank you for your kindness. I will certainly accept your present,' said the witty woman.

The proprietor Chobei now appeared, and sinking down on the mats apologized profusely for his rudeness a little while before. Now he began to understand the meaning of the poem. Ikkiu explained that there was a serious side to the coming of each New Year. The decorations in front of the houses were not only a cause for rejoicing, but should make people pause for reflection, reminding them that each New Year marks a tombstone post along the way which leads to Hades or *Meido*.

Chobei with a polite obeisance besought the priest to give him a specimen of his handwriting. Ikkiu assenting with a nod, Chobei gave an order to a servant. In answer to this command in a short time three men appeared, carrying a large box which they deposited in the room. When the receptacle was opened, a large padded *uchikake*, or ceremonial overdress, was taken out. This grand robe of feminine attire was magnificently embroidered all over with pictures of the Buddhist Hell. There were representations of the Lake of Blood in which sinners must be immersed, and the Mountain of Needles which they must painfully climb; there were many horrible devices — demons torturing mortals to punish them for their sins; and, largest and most prominent of all, Emma, the Judge, allotting to erring mortals their various punishments.

As Ikkiu scanned the strange dress so beautifully embroidered with these awful illustrations of what man's mind imagined to be the price of sin, he asked: 'Was this made by Jigoku's own wish?'

'Yes,' answered the woman. 'As I

live a bad life, I thought this dress representing the various hells befitted me! Now I have a request to make to the great master. Will he be so good as to write something for me on the white lining?'

Ikkiu took up his brush in an easy way and everyone watched with much interest to see what the celebrated priest would write or draw on such an article.

With the brush Ikkiu described a round utensil known as *mimi-darai*, an article of a woman's toilet used in the old custom of blacking the teeth.

No one could understand the meaning of Ikkiu's drawing, and those present looked one at the other in bewilderment, unable to grasp what he intended to convey.

But the courtesan understood the symbolic drawing. She explained: 'The master advises me to leave my present life, become a respectable wife, and blacken my teeth!'

Now Chobei Kagiya, influenced by the benign will of the famous priest, and understanding something of Zen, decided then and there to give up his infamous business, and Jigoku also announced her determination to retire from the life she had always detested. The young man, Takejiro, having now become sane, Chobei proposed that he should marry Jigoku, offering to give her her freedom.

The reformed proprietor visited Ikkiu and told him of his resolution and of his wish to help the young lovers by releasing Jigoku. Ikkiu then offered his services as middleman and the marriage took place. The chronicler relates that the newly married pair were very happy. However, Takejiro was destined to live only seven years after this, and on the death of her devoted husband Jigoku became a nun and lived to the good old age of seventy-three, praying for the repose of her departed husband's soul till the day of her death.

A PAGE OF VERSE

POEM

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

[Chapbook]

'THIS is the end': the anguished word
Scarce stirred the air. She bowed her
head.

No sign I made that heart had heard;
I, too, was weary and sped.

Above us loomed the night-black tree;
Beneath, a valley in shadow lay;
A waning moon beyond the sea
Cast a faint sickly ray.

Once, 'Oh, have courage!' had been
my cry;
Now mutely aghast I gazed into
A face distorted, caught the sigh
That shook her through and through.

No, no. Why further should we roam,
Since every road man journeys by
Ends on a hillside far from home
Under an alien sky;

Where souls disconsolate and sick
That Valley scan each treads alone,
And a Sea whose menace leaves the
quick
Colder than churchyard stone.

THE LAST VOYAGE

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

[Spectator]

SOME morning I shall rise from sleep,
When all the house is still and dark.
I shall steal down and find my ship
By the dim quayside and embark.

Nor fear the seas nor any wind.

I have known Fear, but now no more.
The winds shall bear me safe and kind,
Long hoped for and long waited for.

To no strange country shall I come
But to mine own delightful land,
With Love to bid me welcome home
And Love to lead me by the hand.

Love, you and I shall cling together,
And look long in each other's eyes.
There shall be rose and violet weather
Under the trees of Paradise.

We shall not hear the ticking clock,
Nor the swift rustle of Time's wings,
Nor dread the sharp dividing stroke
Being come now to immortal things.

You of that country shall be fain,
Being now no new inhabitant,
Its beauties to point out, explain,
And all its dear delights to vaunt.

They will not end in a thousand years.
Love, we shall be so long together.
Withouten any sword to fear,
Glad in the rose and violet weather.

With all those wonders to admire,
And the heart's hunger satisfied,
Given at long last the heart's desire
We shall forget we ever died.

Oh, in some morning dateless yet
I shall steal out in the sweet dark
And find my ship with sails all set
By the dim quayside and embark.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

CONVIVIAL KIPLING

THE day after he had made the rectorial address that appears elsewhere in this issue, Rudyard Kipling dedicated the rebuilt Students' Union of St. Andrews. This provided him with an opportunity to lapse into somewhat lighter vein than he could use on the preceding day. Having pointed out how the war had brought youth to sudden maturity, Kipling said that the question was no longer what young men should and should not be allowed to do, but rather how much actual authority they should themselves be allowed to exercise. This part of his address he concluded by saying, 'I merely wish to point out to the public at large that ambassadorial tact, financial genius, Rhadamanthine justice, and Job-like patience are rarely combined in one person, no matter how young.' The closing words of his speech, in which he dedicated the building, were as follows:—

The ideals of such a club as yours are high ones. It exists to club men who otherwise would have remained unclubbed to their lasting detriment. It softens the ferocious, gives countenance to the meek and comfort to the solitary, educates the overlearned, silences the argumentative, and has been known to arrest the predestined prig on his downward path. Moreover, it offers place for those suddenly begotten eruptions of jest, extravagance, and absurdity that reduce all concerned in them to that helpless, aching, speechless mirth which is as necessary to the health of a young man's mind as grit to the gizzard of a fowl. And, believe me, the remembrance of those joyous interludes will return to you across a generation after weightier things are forgotten, and will warm your hearts in the day when you may not be in the way of much laughter. By virtue of the authority which you have vested in me, your Rector, I declare this

Union, founded on youth, fellowship, and generosity, re-open and rededicated to good-will, companionship, mirth, and honorable memories.



THE VERSE OF MICHELANGELO

Rivista d'Italia devotes a few paragraphs to the verses of Michelangelo, which, as it says, 'are still awaiting their full interpretation.'

'In our times of crass materialism and of "sociological poetry" it seems only natural that no poet should devote his efforts to singing a doctrine concerning the future of the human soul after death. If we were to search for such poetry, we should have to turn as far back as the sixteenth century, the age that lived by Petrarch's poetry and the ideas of Plato, the time when Mario Equicolo wrote *On the Nature of Love*, saying: "Any man whatsoever, being put between a brute and an angel that he may make his choice, can either degenerate toward the lower or adapt himself to the higher. This was noted in the Hebrew Scriptures; this is the import of their most secret theology; this is the sense of Pythagoras's metempsychosis; and this is the meaning of Plato when he sends the souls of the virtuous to the stars and decrees that the unchaste shall abide with the brutes."

'And yet there arose in the sixteenth century one voice that would suffice even if there were no others—the voice of Michelangelo. Among his verses there are three poems which, although inspired by the old idea of metempsychosis, give it a new and original interpretation. One is a madrigal to a lady; the second is a sonnet which maintains that the beauty of which time has robbed a woman in her

declining years has been taken away by nature to create new and younger loveliness. The third lyric, more ideal and poetic than the first two, was composed between 1546 and 1547 and was undoubtedly addressed to Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara. In it the poet, feeling that his end is approaching, — he was then in his eighth decade and could not foresee that he was gloriously to attain his ninetieth year, — expresses his desire to carry the beloved image with him to Heaven so that a new creature might be modeled after it, "So that after thee they might still behold thy beautiful visage."

'The verse of Michelangelo is generally heavy and hard, and the three lyrics mentioned are no exception; but whoever meditates awhile will find them clear and vivid. The poet, Gaspara Stampa, writing about 1500, gave a similar interpretation to metempsychosis; but Michelangelo introduces in his lyrics his powerful, sensitive, and responsive personality, and from the possibility of reincarnation he extracts a hope that his lady will be less cruel to him in her new life.

'Poets are usually fond of floating in the world of their dreams and creating for themselves a life of fancy. But Michelangelo, accustomed to clothe in concrete lines his ideas, fancies, and images, to wield the brush and the scalpel, had a plastic and real vision of the reincarnation of his lady who would return upon this earth "to live and die again"; and he imagines her "filled with grace and devoid of cruelty."

'Certainly, if we abstract these poems from the Platonic atmosphere in which Michelangelo grew up and was educated, if we forget to how great an extent the people of Italy's sixteenth century lived in the spirit of Petrarch and of Plato and indulged in the casuistry of love, the soul, and sentiment, we

may find his verse somewhat over-subtle, and its warp and woof artificial. However, this was nothing but the natural fruit of that sentimental, fantastic, and Platonic age, and of the deep spirit of the artist who was also a poet.'



MUSIC IN VIENNA

MR. PERCY A. SCHOLES, musical critic of the London *Observer*, has been spending some time studying the musical activities of Vienna. His reports are encouraging. Opera is doing quite well at the State Opera House. The scenery is in pretty good shape and the whole mechanical side is run with customary efficiency. Richard Strauss is the director and he is paid twenty million kronen (about three hundred dollars) a month for his pains. His task is not easy. America holds out tempting offers to impoverished artists who find it hard to make both ends meet in their native country, so most of the material is second-rate. And yet tradition is so deeply inbred that the productions are perfectly good. Mr. Scholes compliments them especially on the stage movement and acting, which, he says, are much better than they are in England, even though the voices are worse. The only exception to this statement is the famous Jeritza, whom Mr. Scholes rates very high indeed.

The Volksoper is not so well off as Strauss's subsidized company. Weingartner, its director, is a poor organizer though an excellent conductor. The music is largely written by Czechs and is more dull than exhilarating.

Church music in Vienna is well above the average European standard, for it resembles the English method much more than the French and Italian. The Latin countries try to make the boys' voices produce too many effects, rather than training them carefully to

acquire technical perfection in a limited range. Mr. Scholes naturally admires the English system and he expresses great relief at finding something like it in Austria. The same thing cannot be said of Viennese organ-playing. The instruments are not kept in tune, but this does not prevent the organists from using all the stops with extraordinary results.



THE DECADENCE OF SPANISH THOUGHT

GUILLERMO JIMÉNEZ, a Mexican writer, points out the decadence into which Spain has fallen compared with the New World. This is the way he sums up his conclusions in an article in *Nuestra America*, a Buenos Aires literary journal:—

'For many years the intellectuals of America have turned their backs with indifference upon Spanish thought. The fault has not been ours, but that of the Spaniards themselves, who have not occupied themselves in the least with the dynamic forces of the present. Since the famous generation of '98 no new names have appeared. Unamuno, Pío Baroja, Azorín, Valle-Inclán, Ramiro de Maeztu, and Benevante have received no accessions to their charmed circle. And they are all influenced strongly in their literary style and canons from abroad, as Azorín himself has pointed out in his book, *Clásicos y modernos*. Careful survey might add three or four names to this number: Ortega y Gasset, Díez-Canedo, Juan Ramón Jiménez, Ramón Pérez de Ayala, and one of the Machodos. Among the younger writers there is little distinctive talent to relieve their encyclopædic ignorance. There is nothing original in their writings. The currents that flow from France and Germany reach the open doors of America before they reach the cafés of Calle de Alcalá and la Puerta del Sol.

'Most Spanish intellectuals have an atavistic bent toward conservatism. They are impermeable to the throbbing, vital, æsthetic theories of the day. And yet they keep on proclaiming their vain faith in a new spiritual conquest of the Latin-American continent.'



THE NEVER-STOP TRAIN

READERS of Mr. H. G. Wells will recall one of his ingenious mechanical prophesies of endless moving platforms going at different speeds so that the passenger could step on to a slow one and could then advance by gradual stages to whatever degree of speed he chose. An idea quite similar to this has actually been tried out with success at Southend in England. The device is known as the never-stop train, for it consists of a line of carriages that are capable of changing their speed abruptly and yet smoothly. Some carriages are slowing down while others are accelerating, this remarkable feat being achieved by means of a revolving spiral which is laid between the tracks and is carried on spokes projecting from a steel tube. Underneath each carriage is an arm with two vertical rollers which engage the wheel. At the stations the pitch on the spiral is very fine; between stations the pitch is very coarse. This variation produces a similar variation in speed.

The station at Southend is never without one or more carriages passing slowly through it. Moreover, the station is divided into two parts: one where people get off the train, and the other where people get on. The degree of speed possible depends on the number of stations to the mile. With not more than four slow intervals, the journey could be made quite rapid. The inventors, two electrical engineers, Lewis and Edwards by name, claim that their idea is a feasible and eco-

nomic aid to urban transport. Except where the burden of passengers is very heavy, the never-stop train should find its place in our hierarchy of useful and grotesque achievements.

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SOREL

THE most discussed figure on the Paris stage is Mlle. Cécile Sorel, who made a trip to this country only last winter. Her brilliant conversation, her luncheon parties at a marble-topped table with a cloth of gold, her remarkable costumes, and her fantastic behavior have gained her an unique place in the popular eye. At the present moment she is playing *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Comédie Française with great success. The other night, however, a mishap typical of Sorel occurred. Her rendering of the part of Katherine became so animated that she not only broke loose from the arms of Petruchio but even went crashing over the footlights, landing in the amazed embrace of M. Lionel Laroze, a veteran man of letters. This courtly gentleman now refers to this incident as the proudest moment of his life. It is doubtful if the actress would reciprocate this statement.

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A REVELATION OF FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ART

ENGLISH art circles have been greatly excited by the discovery of some old frescoes in the Eton College Chapel, the foundation stone of which was laid by Henry VI in 1441. The paintings themselves were begun about 1480 and were completed in 1488, the name of the artist being William Barker. In Reformation times, when such things were disapproved of, a barber was hired

for the sum of six shillings and eight pence to obliterate with whitewash the offensive pictures. A paneling was erected in 1700 which concealed Mr. Barker's work for another hundred and fifty years until further repairs again revealed the paintings, which the un-aesthetic workmen began scraping off until Mr. John Wilder, a Fellow of the college, happened to see them at their destructive task. He took quick action and a large part of the decorations were preserved. Even so, they were again concealed, though it is recalled that the Prince Consort interested himself in the task of their preservation. At this time a set of pencil drawings of the whole scheme, with the exception of two panels on the side of the Chapel, was made so that at least a complete record of the original designs is actually in existence. It now seems probable that various blemishes can be removed and that the pictures will turn out to be in an excellent state of preservation.

The scheme of decoration provides for a series of narratives derived from legends of miracles worked by the Virgin. On the south side is a tale of Chaucer's of the Empress who was falsely accused and finally saved by her intercession. The literary content of the stories is not always remarkable, but the telling of them is spirited. The artist shows unmistakable signs of the Flemish influence of the last quarter of the fifteenth century, which followed in the wake of Roger van der Weyden and Dirk Bouts. British critics are convinced that even Flanders cannot produce wall paintings worthy to be placed beside these, and that this discovery is the most important that has yet been made in the domain of English mediæval painting.

BOOKS ABROAD

Is It Peace? by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1923. 10s. 6d.

[*Times*]

THE book falls naturally into two parts — that which is concerned with a defense of the Treaty of Versailles, a plea for its 'restoration,' and a hostile commentary upon the French interpretation of it, and that which deals with other miscellaneous subjects. Mr. Lloyd George's complaint about the Treaty is that it is so little read. 'The British public are being deliberately misled' by 'the Pharisee of controversy.' In the matter of Reparations, 'this much-abused and little-perused document,' far from fixing 'a fabulous indemnity for payment by Germany,' in fact 'fixed no sum for payment, either great or small.' Instead, it set up a Reparations Commission to assess damage and capacity to pay. But there has been a fundamental departure from the Treaty.

'The only disinterested party (America) has retired from the tribunal. The most interested party is in the chair, with a casting vote on certain questions. That is not the Treaty signed by Germany. . . . Back to the Treaty — that is the real remedy. There is no need to revise it — all that is required is to restore it.'

The key to the problem is in Mr. Hughes's speech delivered at New Haven at the end of 1922, which, though it 'does not state categorically that the American Government would be prepared to be officially represented on the commission,' means that it would be indirectly represented.

'If America reappears on the arbitrating tribunal she need not accept the rest of the Treaty. Then a fair and enduring settlement would soon ensue.' Mr. Lloyd George, when first he read Mr. Hughes's speech, 'thought it of such moment that I cabled from Spain to the British and American papers my earnest hope that the Allies, about to sit in conference in Paris, would immediately consider its terms, and act upon it.' But the Paris conference did not follow his advice.

The miscellaneous chapters have greater variety and interest. The Turks are vigorously attacked. Of the Italians and Greeks, who are coupled together as 'two races with a surplus population of hard-working, intelligent cultivators,' he says that 'the derelict wastes of Asia Minor need them.' The Treaty of Sévres was 'in substance sound'; the Treaty of Lausanne 'is not even peace.' There are essays on Prohibition, on the Duty of the Churches, on Interallied Debts, British Elections, Peace with Russia, and the

League of Nations. The Corfu incident, we are told in a footnote, 'is the climax of disaster for the League's prestige.' An article on Palestine leads Mr. Lloyd George into fanatical rejoinder to criticism of the Jew.

'Through the centuries in every land, whatever he does, or intends, or fails to do, he has been pursued by the echo of the brutal cry of the rabble of Jerusalem against the greatest of all Jews — "Crucify Him!" No good has ever come of nations that crucified Jews.' Another Prime Minister made the same point with greater effect and tact. Mr. Lloyd George is seen at more advantage when, in the best essay in the book, he describes the scene in the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone introduced the Home Rule Bill of 1893, and the scene at the Cabinet table on 'a dreary December night' in 1921, when the Irish Treaty was signed.

[*Daily Herald*]

THE most fitting comment on Mr. Lloyd George's reprint of the newspaper articles which he has published during the past year would be to reply as Jehu did to the partisans of Ahab when they asked him, 'Is it peace?' His reply was: —

What hast thou to do with peace? Turn thee behind me.

Or one might slightly alter the wording and inquire of Mr. Lloyd George: —

What didst thou for peace?

Here is the man whose lack of courage and clear sight plunged us into a peace which is in some ways more disastrous than war, though not so plainly horrible.

Here he is in the character of a critic of that for which he himself is responsible.

He denounces the invasion of the Ruhr, but it was he who allowed the idea to be used (as 'bluff,' he now says) until the French felt that the world was sufficiently familiar with it — and put it into effect.

He denounces the arrangement which leaves the Turks in Europe, yet it was he who told the Turks that Constantinople should not be taken from them.

He complains that we have a million and a half workmen walking the streets in a vain search for work, and have to bear the heaviest burden of taxation in the world. He is the man who could have backed up President Wilson's opposition to 'an angry peace,' and who let himself be talked into agreement with it.

On almost every page contrasts like these leap to the eyes of those who remember his twistings

and turnings, his alternations of mildness and ferocity, his failure to stick to any principle or even to any line of tactics. Thus the effect of his pumped-up eloquence and his flashy reasoning is destroyed.

Mr. Asquith's war book was like a 'sad' mass of imperfectly cooked dough, a loaf into which one could hardly bite. Mr. Lloyd George's volume may be likened to a plate of attractive-looking biscuits which all turn to sawdust in the mouth.

Captures, by John Galsworthy. London: Heinemann. 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

MR. GALSWORTHY'S sixteen new stories, here collected, are neither unworthy of him nor yet on a level with his best work. They are characteristic. But one feels that in writing them he allowed himself a certain relaxation: they are deficient not in truth but in intensity. He has always surveyed life with the cool and ironic detachment which is the natural refuge of the man who feels acutely. In *The Forsyte Saga* his detachment was a desperately maintained pose, more dreadful and moving than could have been the least restrained partisanship. But here the detachment is rather that of a certain fatigue. The outlines of his persons are not less true, but they are less incisive. Rupert K. Vaness was a hedonist — 'Life moved round him with a certain noiseless ease or stood still at a perfect temperature like the air in a conservatory round a choice blossom which a draft might shrivel.' But he was still 'the sort of man of whom one could never say with safety whether he was revolving round a beautiful young woman or whether the beautiful young woman was revolving round him.' He was fifty-five when he concerned himself with Miss Monroy, and expounded to her his philosophy of life. She had a keen enough wit to take it literally.

There is coolness in all these pieces. In one, two farmers quarrel and one of them as a result suffers the loss of his son. In another a good soldier suffers every undeserved misfortune until at last he is driving a taxi about the streets of London. In a third a man emerges from a term of penal servitude, morally undeserved, hardened so as to be sufficient to himself and impervious to all other persons. In a fourth an inferior bookie, who knows nothing of horses save their form on paper, accidentally acquires one and cannot bear

that it should be run otherwise than to win. In all these Mr. Galsworthy records with all his old exquisite sympathy, with all his old discernment of what is fine and beautiful in the gross characters whose grossness he used to hate. The grace, the sympathy, the economy are still there: the fervor, visible only in the immense restraint which kept it from unseemly displays, is gone. Has Mr. Galsworthy despaired of shaming the Forsytes — he never wished to destroy them, he loved them too much — out of their evil courses in the world?

These tales are, we say again, characteristic; and there is always a certain beauty in the fatigue and relaxation of a warm passion. Possibly Mr. Galsworthy is entering into the Indian Summer of his art. At all events his readers, though they may find here something that is a little perplexing, will find nothing that can dissatisfy them.

The New Palestine, by W. D. McCrackan. London: Jonathan Cape, 1923. 16s.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THIS is a disconcerting book. One comes to it prepared for a treat; there is the glamour of the subject, the halo of an introduction by the late Lord Bryce (which turns out to be a few words of good-will), the pleasing adornment of good print and picture. One's appetite is further whetted by the early discovery that the author has a quiet passion for his subject. But the literary meal provided is a Barmecide feast. It is a jumble of scrappy sketches, often informing, but too frequently trivial and naïve. What is one to make of a book which, in a pretentious chapter of 'Palestine Problems,' sandwiches between 'Taxation' and 'Danger from the North' a section on 'Sipping Your Coffee'?

Yet with all these tares the book is worth perusing. It gives a glimpse of the splendid Samaritan work done by Americans the world over. They not only bring relief to the body; they also help to soothe the war-scarred minds. The Jerusalem Relief Laundry, for instance, 'designed to give employment to the destitute women of the city,' incidentally also 'formed a common meeting-ground for the various races and religions in the much-divided city.' The English reader will further appreciate the unstinted tribute which the author pays to the British administration of Palestine. And everyone will enjoy looking at the good photographs with which the book is profusely supplied.